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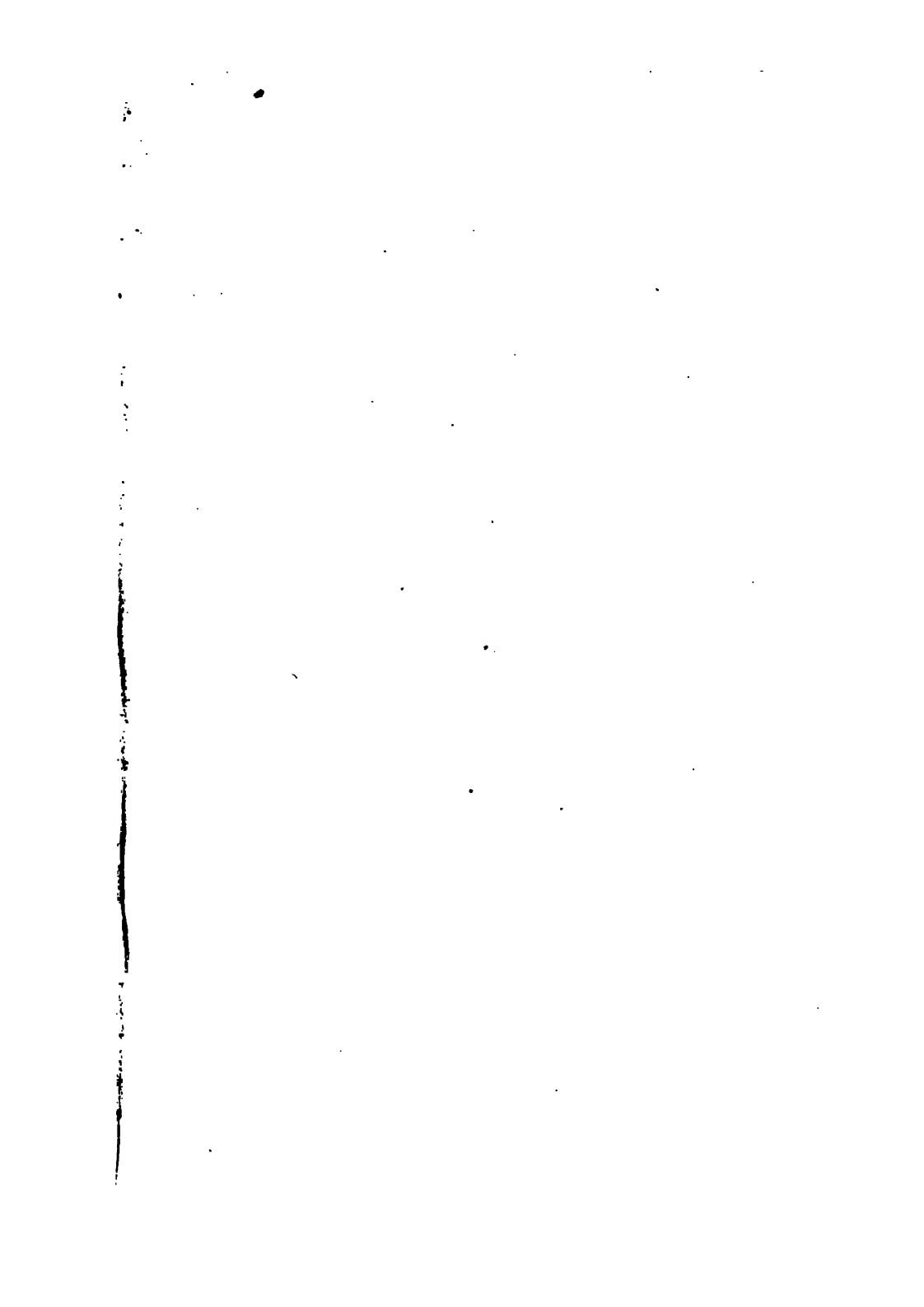
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FROM

Prof. G. W. Kittredge





*from his paper
Frank S. Scott.
144 P.M.*

FRIER BACON AND FRIER BUNGAY

BY

ROBERT GREENE

AN ACTING VERSION

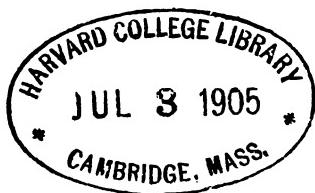
EDITED BY T. H. GUILD AND F. W. SCOTT

Presented by students in the University of
Illinois, May eight, nineteen
hundred five.

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'Representative English Comedies,' reprinted by
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Prof. Dr. Pittendrige

INTRODUCTION

**Date and
Source.**

Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay was written by Robert Greene, probably in 1589, and first acted in the same year. It is founded in part on a contemporary prose tale: "The Famous Historie of frier Bacon: containing the wonderful things that he did in his life: also the manner of his death, with the Lives and Deaths of the two Conjurers, Bungay and Vandermast." This story is a collection of traditions surrounding the life of Roger Bacon, whose knowledge of mathematics and philosophy was in those imaginative times attributed largely to necromantic privileges.

With the necromantic theme Greene has combined a romantic element, the wooing of fair Margret, that is entirely his own; to him we are indebted also for the delightful treatment of country life which envelops the courtship.

**Historical
Importance,**

A brief critical analysis would show the historical importance of *Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay*. It owes much of its significance to the fact that it is the best production of the man who has many claims to be considered the greatest of Shakspere's predecessors. From a distance of four hundred years the Renaissance in England seems to have come abruptly. Such an impression is, however, partly erroneous. The great intellectual awakening did come rapidly, but not suddenly. Though we are wont to think of Shakspere and his immediate contemporaries as without precedents, as if they constituted the whole articulate expression of those spacious times, we must not forget that they were a culmination, rather, and that they had been preceded by others whose had been the humbler office of preparing the way.

But the play has a further historical interest; it voices the national self-consciousness of England, aroused by the victories of British seamen over the fleets of Spain. The play was first acted in 1589, the year after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The immediate effect of Howard's victory off Plymouth was to awaken England to political self-consciousness. This awakening found prompt expression in the drama, and it is not surprising, therefore,

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to find *Frier Bacon* full of patriotism. From the speech of King Henry in the first scene of the second act to the end of the fifth act, the play teems with sentiment redeemed from jingoism only by the fact that it was justified by England's subsequent history. Thus Bacon's final speech in the last scene of the play, in spite of its bluster, disarms criticism and rises to a dignity almost prophetic, as he predicts a time when "the stormy threats of war shall cease," and England shall become like Eden, the garden of the Lord.

The play also presents great interest for the student of English dramatic history. In *Frier Bacon* and *Frier Bungay* we see the beginnings of English comedy; a weaving together of the crude elements that had appealed to the earlier audiences, horse-play and magic, with the subtler, more refined comedy that later blossomed daintily in such plays as *As You Like It*. As we should expect, the workmanship of its construction is crude; the joints are not all well made; and instead of a well articulated plot we find a succession of scenes, idyllic, spectacular, farcical, melodramatic, arranged in such a succession that the movement is continuous and the interest unflagging. The combination of the heroic elements with the pastoral love elements and that of medieval necromancy furnished an appeal to suit all tastes.

Only a word may here be said of Greene's characterization. In his two romantic comedies, *Frier Bacon* and *Frier Bungay* and *The Historie of James IV* are found four female characters that might well have served Shakspere as studies. Of these, the most original per-

**Character-
ization.** — Perhaps is the heroine of the first play, Margret, the fair maid of Fresingfield, no less witty than beautiful and no less courageous than faithful. It might be objected by the critical modern reader that the Keeper's daughter displays a remarkable knowledge of Greek mythology and other subjects remote from dairying and that the daily duties of a country maid are not favorable to the development of "lilly arms" and "cristall skin." But Greene, like other romanticists, is entitled to disregard the coarser realities of every day life and we must accept Margret for what she is; rather rejoicing in her loveliness than cavilling at her slight inconsistencies.

Throughout the play Margret is natural and charming. In her self-admission of her love for Lacie she suggests the later Viola, as in these lines:

"But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And shew as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldest wish him for thy love."

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In her description of Lacie to Frier Bungay we have all the frank joy in the beloved object that we associate especially with Portia. In her greeting to Lacie

"How cheer you, sir? a pennie for your thought!" we are reminded of Rosalynd, rallying her lover in the Forest of Arden. Finally, in act three, scene two, when the lovers are confronted by the angry prince, Peggy shows an elevation of spirit that is heroic after the true Shaksperian pattern.

In the treatment of Ellinor, Greene shows, in drawing a portrait with a few strokes, the same skill that we associate with Shakspere. Although the princess speaks but thirty-four lines in all, she makes a wonderfully clear impression of dignity and charm and we feel convinced without turning to the pages of history that she will be as fitting a wife to Prince Edward as Margret will be to Lacie.

"FRIER BACON", AND THE REVIVAL OF OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

The sponsors for the present production of *Frier Bacon* have endeavored to follow certain principles which may need a word of defense. Revivals of old English plays are common, and the *purpose* of each—historical, literary, linguistic, or what not—is a mere matter of circumstance. But the *spirit* of the production ought always to be the same; not the academic afflatus of history or literature or language, but the true theatrical spirit of the drama. If we are to have a play, let us agree that "the play's the thing."

If we accept this theatrical standard, it means that we must contrive to appeal to our audience. We may lecture and "advertise" them into a very knowing and docile frame of mind, but there are certain respects in which we can never make them altogether Elizabethan in temper. For example, they will not grow rapturous over an endless flow of splendid talk; they are bound to become somewhat chilly under a shower of obsolete words and archaic pronunciations; and they cannot be held spell-bound much beyond the conventional two hours and thirty minutes, notwithstanding the vogue of all-day *Hamlets* and all-night *Parsifals*. Even the success of such revivals as Mr. Greet's *Everyman*, with its continuous flow of long speeches and old-time diction, cannot weaken our assertion; for, in that success, was recognized the universal appeal of genius, which forces itself above the hindrance of form. Novelty and moral force, driven home by that single fine piece of acting, conquered our audiences. But anything less excellent may not

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stand the handicap of too much archaism: the writer saw the same company produce *The Merchant of Venice* entire, in Elizabethan fashion, with but one brief intermission, and observed a presumably select Boston audience sleepily dwindle away before [the fourth hour saw the close of the comedy. *Everyman* had contrived to appeal to the people; but *The Merchant of Venice*, ambitiously declining to consult their patience, had lost its hold.

Such concessions to our audiences, moreover, do not mean any disregard for the historic spirit, but rather that reverence for it which craves a genuine, unforced interest. The ideal production of an old English play would be one in which the audience was so alive to the spirit of the original, so well-schooled and sympathetic, that for the time being they were completely Elizabethan; then could the whole ancient piece be presented in its quaint primitiveness, and instead of polite, "cultured" approval, we might stir up a bit of vigorous emotion, some artless enthusiasm, and could well imagine ourselves ferried across to the old Globe, "when Burbage played." Surely that is a pleasant dream; and it seemed almost to come true when Mr. Forbes Robertson played *Hamlet* in Cambridge last year. But like all fond visions, this ideal may most nearly be secured, we believe, by a certain cheerful compromise. Let us go at our prospective audience with all possible persuasiveness, to arouse a spirit of intelligent interest in the old drama, but then, when we have enticed them as far as possible from modern conventions, it is our part to meet them half way and give them the play as a play, not as a history lesson. What we want just then is not an illustrated lecture on the Elizabethan drama, but a live piece of drollery or passion. We do not care so much to reproduce the stage details of three hundred years ago, as we do to make our audience laugh or cry in the fashion of our play-loving ancestors who saw Shakspere on the boards.

It has been this purpose that has guided the editors in condensing the text to its present form. Aside from the fact that the original was too long for the patience of our audience, most of the omissions were justified on one of three special counts. In the first place, though the play is remarkably free from coarseness, some excisions were demanded by good taste. And this is not prudishness, for what, of old, was only rough humor, is offensive coarseness today, and to retain the Elizabethan lines would be to produce a very un-Elizabethan distaste. In the second place, many passages were taken out because of their obscurity. Some of the obsolete phraseology, the curious Latin jokes, the necromantic jargon, and the academic allusions, would only serve to puzzle and confuse the listeners. The third and most arbitrary

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group of cuts were those made for enforcing dramatic effect. Greene's scene-ends frequently strike us as anti-climactic, and in several cases this seems due to the necessity for getting the characters off the stage. In seven of the sixteen scenes, some kind of banquet is made to motivate the exit. Three of these endings have here been omitted. In particular, the banquet episode at the close of scene three, act three, has, with some reluctance, been struck out. The unity of the scene has already been marred by the Ellinor-Edward betrothal, and to drag out the action further would mean a dramatic weakness which seems to warrant the omission. Again, at the end of scene one, act five, Warren's epigram on the "nature of women" makes such an effective "curtain" that we can well spare Lacie's naive, but unromantic query, "What have you fit for breakfast?" Not all the omissions had such definite justification, and some excellent passages were not retained. For such exclusion we can only plead the exigencies of an acting version.

In one or two other respects this version has taken liberties with the original. A few entrances are altered; Richard's lines are given to Thomas; "a friend" is interpreted as being Jone, and, as her lover, Thomas is brought into scene one, act five, for a suggestion of comic sentimentality to contrast with the reunion of Lacie and Margret. In dividing the scenes into acts, for purposes of emphasis and intermission, the editors made independently the same grouping, with one exception, that Professor Gayley suggests in his convincing discussion of the plot. For obvious theatrical ends, the actionless fourth scene was put at the beginning of the second act.

Even with this simplified version, the present production fell short of completeness. Circumstances demanded the "doubling up" of some characters; stage limitations prevented much suggestion of the Elizabethan theatre; the impossibility of having an "upper stage," or balcony, forced us to represent on the front stage what was supposed to be seen in the prospective glass, situated at the back of Bacon's study. The front curtain had to be used, and was taken advantage of to permit tableau effects at the close of several scenes, instead of clearing the stage in the old-time fashion. But these are matters for each stage director to determine for himself, and circumstances, we believe, justified our solution of the problems. It is our hope that others may find in this attempt some stimulus to give in more adequate form another production of this fascinating old piece, and so help to keep alive the work of one of our great pioneer playwrights.

Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay as here printed was acted as the annual English Club play by students in the University of Illinois, May eight, nineteen hundred five.

This acting version is based on the text edited by Professor Gayley, printed in 'Representative English Comedies.' The text follows that edition except for omissions, which are indicated by stars. The stage directions have been supplied or slightly altered. The editors are indebted to Professor Gayley and The Macmillan Company for permission to reprint. We wish to acknowledge the assistance rendered by Professor D. K. Dodge and Professor E. C. Baldwin in preparing the introduction and in other matters connected with publishing the book and staging the play.

T. H. G.
F. W. S.

THE HONOURABLE HISTORIE

of frier Bacon and frier Bongay.

As it was plaid by her Maiesties servants.

Made by Robert Greene Maister of Arts.

London,

Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his
shop, at the little North dore of Poules, at the
signe of the Gun. 1594.

The Persons of the Play

KING HENRY <i>the Third.</i>	Will J. Carey
EDWARD, <i>Prince of Wales, his Sonne.</i>	William T. Gordley
*EMPEROUR OF GERMANIE.	
KING OF CASTILE.	Herbert L. Tear
NED LACIE, <i>Earle of Lincoln.</i>	Herman G. James
JOHN WARREN, <i>Earle of Sussex.</i>	Louis W. Mack
WILL ERMSBIE, <i>a Gentleman.</i>	Harry P. Reeves
RAPHE SIMNELL, <i>the Kings Foole.</i>	R. C. Matthews
FRIER BACON.	Allan J. Carter
MILES, <i>Frier Bacons poore Scholer.</i>	Earl Q. Snider
FRIER BUNGAY.	Roscoe C. Main
JAQUES VANDERMAST, <i>a Germaine.</i>	Howard G. Brownson
BURDEN, <i>Doctor of Oxford and Maister of Brazenose.</i>	Alexander H. Gunn
*MASON } CLEMENT } <i>Doctors of Oxford.</i>	Roswell T. Pettit
LAMBERT } SERLSBIE } <i>Gentlemen.</i>	{ Walter T. Bronson Homer W. Harper
Two Schollers, <i>Their Sonnes.</i>	{ Howard G. Brownson Alexander H. Gunn
The KEEPER of Fresingfield.	George H. Anderson
Thomas, <i>a Farmers Sonne.</i>	David S. Meadows
A Constable.	David S. Meadows
A Post.	Roswell T. Pettit
A Devill.	John S. Kendall
A Fiend like Hercules.	A. F. Forster
Lords, Countrie Clownes, etc.	
EINOR, <i>Daughter to Castile.</i>	Irene M. Parsons
MARGRET, <i>the Keepers Daughter of Fresingfield.</i>	Lois Clendenin
JONE, <i>a Farmers Daughter.</i>	Edith Spray
The HOSTESS at Henly, <i>Mistresse of the Bell.</i>	Tirzah Bradley
A Dragon shooting fire; etc.	

THE HONOURABLE HISTORIE OF FRIER BACON

[ACT ONE

Scene I.—The country-side, Fremingham.]

Hunting-horn sounds. Enter as from the chase,
EDWARD, LACIE, WARREN, ERMSBIE, and RAPHE. ED-
WARD is dejected.

Lacie. Why lookes my lord like a troubled skie,
When heavens bright shine is shadow'd with a fogge?
Alate we ran the deere, and through the lawndes¹
Stript² with our nagges³ the loftie frolicke bucks
That scuddled fore the teisers⁴ like the wind:
Nere was the deere of merry Fresingfield
So lustily puld down by jolly mates,
Nor sharde the farmers such fat venison,
So franckly dealt, this hundred yeares before;
Nor have I seene my lord more frolicke in the chace;
And now—changde to a melancholie dumpe⁵

Warren. After the prince got to the keepers
lodge,
And had been jocand in the house awhile,
Tossing of ale and milke in countrie cannes:
Whether it was the countries sweete content,
Or else the bonny damsell fild us drinke
That seemed so stately in her stammell⁶ red,
Or that a qualme did crosse his stomacke then,—
But straight he fell into his passions.

¹ Glades. ² Outstripped. ³ Horses. ⁴ Hounds. ⁵ Ill humour.
⁶ Woolen dress.

Ermsbie. Sirra Raphe, what say you to your maister,

Shall he thus all amort¹ live malcontent?

Raphe. Heerest thou, Ned?—Nay, looke if hee will speake to me!

Edward. What sayst thou to me, foole?

Raphe. I preethe, tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the keepers daughter?

Edward. How if I be, what then?

Raphe. Why, then, sirha, Ile teach thee how to deceive Love.

Edward. How, Raphe?

Raphe. Marrie sirha Ned, thou shalt put on my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes and thy sword: and so thou shalt be my foole.

Edward. And what of this?

Raphe. Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for Love is such a proud scab², that he will never meddle with fooles nor children. Is not Raphes counsel good, Ned?

Edward. Tell me, Ned Lacie, didst thou marke the mayd,

How lively in her country-weedes she lookt?

A bonier wench all Suffolke cannot yeeld:—

All Suffolke! nay, all England holds none such.

**Raphe.* He saies all England hath no such, and I say, and Ile stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

**Edward.* I tell the[e], Lacie, that her sparkling eyes

Doe lighen forth sweet Loves alluring fire;

And in her tresses she doth fold the lookes

Of such as gaze upon her golden haire;

Her bashfull white, mixt with the mornings red,

¹Dejected. ²Rascal.

Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheekes ;
 Her front¹ is Beauties tablet², where she paints
 The glories of her gorgious excellence ;
 Her teeth are shelves of pretious margarites,
 Richly enclosed with ruddie curroll cleves.³
 Tush, Lacie, she is Beauties overmatch,
 If thou survayst her curious imagerie.⁴

Lacie. I grant, my lord, the damsell is as faire
 As simple Suffolks homely town can yeeld :
 But in the court be quainter dames than she,
 Whose faces are enricht with honours taints,⁵
 Whose bewties stand upon the stage of fame,
 And vaunt their trophies in the Courts of Love.

Edw. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watcht her as my
 self,
 And seene the secret bewties of the maid,
 Their courtly coinesse were but foolery.

Ermsbie. Why, how watcht you her, my lord?

Edward. When as she swept like Venus
 through the house,—

And in her shape fast foulded up my thoughts,—
 Into the milkhouse went I with the maid,
 And there amongst the cream-boles she did shine
 As Pallace 'mongst her princely huswiferie :
 She turned her smocke over her lilly armes,
 And divd them into milke to run her cheese ;
 But, whiter than the milke, her cristall skin.

**Ermsbie,* if thou hadst seene, as I did note it well,
 How Bewtie plaid the huswife, how this girle,
 Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the worke,
 Thou wouldest with Tarquine hazard Roome and all
 To win the lovely mayd of Fresingfield.

Raphe. Sirha Ned, wouldest faine have her?

Edward. I, Raphe.

¹ Forehead. ² Tablet. ³ Coral cliffs. ⁴ Rare form. ⁵ Tint.

Raphe. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head; thou shalt have her alreadie.

Edward. Ile give thee a new coate, and learne me that.

Raphe. Why, sirra Ned, weel ride to Oxford to Frier Bacon: oh, he is a brave scholler, sirra; they say he is a brave nigromancer, that he can make women of devils, and hee can juggle cats into costermongers.¹

**Lacie.* Wonderfully wisely counselled, Raphe.

Edward. Raphe shall have a new coate.

Raphe. God thanke you when I have it on my backe, Ned.

Edward. Lacie, the foole hath laid a perfect plot;

For why² our countrie Margret is so coy,
And standes so much upon her honest pointes,
That marriage, or no market with the mayd.
Ermsbie, it must be nigroma[n]ticke spels
And charmes of art that must inchaine her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girle.
Therefore, my wags, weeble horse us in the morne,
And post to Oxford to this jolly frier:
Bacon shall by his magicke doe this deed.

Warren. Content, my lord.

**Edward.* I am unknowne, not taken for the prince;

They onely deeme us frolick courtiers,
That revell thus among our lieges game,—
Therefore I have devis'd a pollicie:
Lacie, thou knowst next Friday is S. James,
And then the country flockes to Harlston faire:
Then will the keepers daughter frolick there,
And over-shine the troupe of all the maids

¹*Fruit peddlers.* ²*Because.*

That come to see and to be seene that day.
 Haunt thee disguisid among the countrie-swaines,
 Feign thart a farmers sonne, not far from thence,
 Espie her loves, and who she liketh best:
 *Say that the courtier tyred all in greene,
 That helpt her handsomly to run her cheese,
 And fild her fathers lodge with venison,
 Commends him, and sends fairings¹ to herselfe.
 Buy some thing worthie of her parentage,
 Not worth her beautie; for, Lacie, then the faire
 Affoords no jewell fitting for the mayd:
 And when thou talkest of me, note if she blush:
 Oh then she loves; but if her cheekes waxe pale,
 Disdain it is. Lacie, send how she fares,
 And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

Lacie. I will, my lord, so execute this charge
 As if that Lacie were in love with her.

Edward. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the
 newes.

Raphe. And, sirha Lacie, buy me a thousand
 thousand million of fine bels.

Lacie. What wilt thou do with them, Raphe?

Raphe. Mary, every time that Ned sighs for the
 keepers daughter, Ile tie a bell about him: and so
 within three or foure daies I will send word to his
 father Harry, that his sonne, and my maister Ned, is
 become Love's morris dance.²

Edward. Well, Lacie, look with care unto thy
 charge, and I will haste to Oxford to the frier,
 That he by art and thou by secret gifts
 Maist make me lord of merrie Fresingfield.

Lacie. God send your honour your harts desire.

Exeunt.

¹ Presents. ² A grotesque dance.

[Scene II.—Frier Bacon's Cell at Brazenose.]

Enter BACON.

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Enter MILES.

Miles Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor.

Enter BURDEN, MASON and CLEMENT.

**Bacon.* Now, maisters of our academicke state,
*Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell?

**Burden.* Bacon, we hear that long we have suspect,

That thou art read in magicks mysterie:
In piromancie to divine by flames;
*By aeromancie to discover doubts.

**Bacon* Well, Maister Burden, what of all this?

Miles. Marie, sir, he doth but fulfill by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes: that which is above us pertains nothing to us.

Burden. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report, Nay, England, and the court of Henrie saies, Th'rt making of a brazen head by art, Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorismes, And read a lecture in philosophie; And, by the helpe of divels and ghastly fiends, Thou meanst, ere many yeares or daies be past, To compasse England with a wall of brasse.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this, maister! Why, he doth speak mystically: for he knowes, if your skill faile to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters strong ale will fit his turne to make him have a copper-nose.

Clement. Bacon, we come not greeving at thy skill,

But joeing that our académie yeelds
A man supposde the wonder of the world:
For if thy cunning worke these myracles,

England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
 And Oxford shall in characters of brasse,
 And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
 Eternize Frier Bacon for his art.

Mason. Then, gentle Frier, tell us thy intent.

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the
 frier,

*I have contrivd and framde a head of brasse,
 (I made Belcephon hammer out the stiffe)
 And that by art shall read Philosophie :
 And I will strengthen England by my skill,
 That if ten Cæsars lived and raignd in Rome,
 With all the legions Europe doth containe,
 They should not touch a grasse of English ground ;
 The worke that Ninus reard at Babylon,
 The brazen walles framde by Semiramis, |
 Carvd out like to the portall of the sunne,
 Shall not be such as rings the English strand
 From Dover to the market-place of Rie.

Burden. Is this possible?

Miles. Ile bring ye t[w]o or three witnesses.

Burden. What be those?

Miles. Marry, sir, three or fours as honest
 divels and good companions as any be in hell.

Mason. No doubt but magicke may doe much in
 in this.

**Burden.* Have I not past as farre in state of
 schooles,
 And red of many secrets? yet to thinke
 That heads of brasse can utter any voice,
 Or more, to tell of deepe philosophie,
 This is a fable Æsop had forgot.

Bacon. Burden, thou wrongst me in detracting
 thus;

Bacon loves not to stiffe himselfe with lies.
 But tell me fore these doctors, if thou dare,

Of certaine questions I shall move to thee.

Burden. I will: aske what thou can.

**Bacon.* Were you not yesterday, Maister Burden, at Henly upon the Thembs?

Burden. I was: what then?

Bacon. What booke studied you thereon all night?

Burden. I! none at all; I red not there a line.

Bacon. Then, doctors, Frier Bacons art knowes noughe.

Clement. What say you to this, Maister Burden? doth hee not touch you?

Burden. I passe¹ not of his frivilous speeches.

Miles. Nay, Maister Burden, my maister, ere hee hath done with you, will turne you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave no more learning in you than in Balaams asse.

Bacon. Maisters, for that learned Burdens skill
is deepe,

And sore he doubts of Bacons cabalisme,

I'll shew you why he haunts to Henly oft:

Not, doctors, for to tast the fragrant aire,

But there to spend the night in alcumie,

To multiplie with secret spels of art;

Thus privat steales he learning from us all.

To proove my sayings true, Ile shew you straight

The booke he keepes at Henly for himselfe.

Miles. Nay, now my maister goes to conjuration, take heed.

Bacon. Maisters, stand still, feare not, Ile shew you but his booke.

He conjures.

Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

Enter HOSTESSE with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and DEVILL.

¹*Care.*

Miles. Oh, maister, cease your conjuration, or you spoile all; for heeres a shee divill come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit: you have mard the devils supper; but no doubt hee thinkes our colledge fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cooke with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

Hostesse. Oh, where am I, or what's become of me?

Bacan, What art thou? [Bell.]

Hostesse. Hostesse at Henly, mistress of the *Bacon.* How camest thou heere?

Hostesse. As I was in the kitchen mongst the maydes,

Spitting the meate against supper for my guesse,¹

A motion moved me to look forth of dore.

No sooner had I pried into the yard,

But straight a whirlewind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the cloudes.

As in a trace I thought nor feared nought,

Nor know I where or whether I was tane,

Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No? know you not Maister Burden?

Hostesse. O yes, good sir, he is my daily guest.—
What, Maister Burden, t'was but yesternight
That you and I at Henly plaid at cardes.

Burden. I knowe not what we did.—A poxe of
all conjuring friars!

Clement. Now, jolly Frier, tell us, is this the
booke

That Burden is so careful to looke on?

Bacon. It is.—But, ~~Burden~~, tell me now,
Thinkest thou that Bacons nicromanticke skill
Cannot performe his head and wall of brasse,
When he can fetch thine hostesse in such post?

¹ Guests.

Miles. Ile warant you, maister, if Maister Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his booke everie night from Henly to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden, what, are you mated by this frolicke frier ?—

Looke how he droops; his guiltie conscience Drives him to bash, and makes his hostesse blush.

Bacon. Well, mistres, for I wil not have you mist,

You shall to Henly to cheere up your guests Fore supper ginne.—Burden, bid her adew ; Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes.— Sirha, away, and set her safe at home.

Hostesse. Maister Burden, when shall we see you at Henly?

Burden. The devill take thee and Henly too.

Exeunt Hostesse and Devill.

Miles. Maister, shall I make a good motion ?

Bacon. Whats that?

Miles. Marry, sir, nowe that my hostesse is gone to provide supper, conjure up another spirite, and send Doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus, rulers of our accademicke state, You have seene the frier frame his art by prooфе ; And as the collegge called Brazennose Is under him, and he the Maister there, So surely shall this head of brassē be framde, And yeede forth strange and uncoth aphorisms ; And Hell and Heccate shall faile the frier, But I will circle England round with brassē.

Miles. So be it, *et nunc et semper, Amen.*

Exeunt.

[Scene III.—Harlston Faire.]

Enter THOMAS, JONE, MARGRET, and LACIE disguised in countrie apparel.

Thomas. By my troth, Margaret,* if this wether hold, wee shall have hay good cheape, and butter and cheese at Harlston will beare no price.

Margret. Thomas, maides, when they come to see the faire,

Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay:
When we have turnd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the rackes,
Then let our fathers prise it as they please.
We countrie sluts of merrie Fresingfield
Come to buy needlesse nougts to make us fine,
And looke that yong men should be francke¹ this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blythe, and frolicko lookes from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,
Swearing the pedlers shall have empty packs,
If that faire wether may make chapmen buy.

Lacie. But, lovely Peggie, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his pallace pries,
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shewes all his glories for to court your selfe.

Margret. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To sooth me up with such smooth flatterie.
*Well, Jone, our bewties must abide their jestes;
We serve the turne in jolly Fresingfield.

Jone. Margret, a farmers daughter for a farmers son :
I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.
But, Thomas, whats the newes? What, in a dumpe?
Give me your hand, we are neere a pedlers shop,—
Out with your purse, we must have fairings now.

Thomas. Faith Jone, and shall: Ile bestow a fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

Margret. Whence are you, sir? of Suffolke?
for your tearmes

Are finer than the common sort of men.

Lacie. Faith, lovely girle, I am of Beckles by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from hence,
A farmers sonne, that never was so quaint
But that he could do courtesie to such dames.
But trust me, Margret, I am sent in charge
From him that reveld in your fathers house,
And fild his lodge with cheere and venison,
'Tyred in green; he sent you this rich purse,
His token that he helpt you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with your -elfe.

Margret. To me? You forget your selfe.

Lacie Women are often weake in memorie.

Margret. Oh, pardon sir, I call to mind the man :
'Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love ;
For we have little leisure to debate of that.

Jone What, Margret! blush not: mayds must
have their loves.

Thomas. Nay, by the masse, she looks pale as if
she were angrie. Sirha, are you of Beckls? I pray,
how dooth Goodman Cob? My father bought a horse
of him.

Margret. [Aside] How different is this farmer
from the rest
That earst as yet hath pleasd my wandring sight!
His words are wittie, quickened with a smile,
His courtesie gentle, smelling of the court;
Facill and debonaire in all his deeds;
Proportiond as was Paris, when, in gray,
He courted Ænon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love:
Who but the keepers lasse of Fresingfield?
And yet methinks this farmers jolly sonne

Passest the prowdest that hath pleasd mine eye.
But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And shew as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldest wish him for thy love;
Keepe that to thee till time doth serve thy turne,
To shew the greefe wherein thy heart doth burne.—
Come, Jone and Thomas, shall we to the faire?

[*Exeunt JONE and THOMAS.*]

You, Beckls man, will not forsake us now?

Lacie. Not whilst I may have such quaint girls
as you.

Margret. Well, if you chance to come by Fres-
ingfield,

Make but a step into the keepers lodge,
And such poore fare as woodmen can affoord,
Butter and cheese, creame and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithall.

Lacie. Gramarcies, Peggie, looke for me eare
long.

[*Exeunt*]

[Act Two

Scene I.—The Court at Hampton House.]

Enter HENRY, EMPEROUR, KING of CASTILE, ELINOR and JAQUES VANDERMAST.

**Henrie.* Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings,
To England's shore, whose promontorie cleeves
Shewes Albion is another little world;
Welcome says English Henrie to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Eleanour,
Who darde for Edwards sake cut through the seas,
And venture as Agenors damsell through the deepe,
To get the love of Henries wanton sonne.

Castile. Englands rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walles,
Could not detaine the beautious Eleanour,
But, hearing of the fame of Edwards youth,
She darde to brook Neptunus haughtie pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Eolus:
Then may faire England welcome her the more.

Elinor. After that English Henrie by his lords
Had sent Prince Edwards lovely counterfeit,
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comly pourtrait of so brave a man,
The vertuous fame discoursed of his deeds,
*Led both mine eye and thoughts in equall link,
To like so of the English monarch's sonne,
That I attempted perrils for his sake.

Emperour. Where is the prince, my lord?

Henrie. He posted down, not long since, from
the court,
To Suffolke side, to merrie Fremingham,

To sport himselfe amongst my fallow deere ;
 From thence, by packets sent to Hampton house,
 We heare the prince is ridden with his lords
 To Oxford, in the academie there
 To hear dispute amongst the learned men,
 But we will send foorth letters for my Sonne,
 To will him come from Oxford to the court.

Empe. Nay, rather, Henrie, let us, as we be,
 Ride for to visite Oxford with our traine.
 Fain would I see your universities,
 And what learned men your academie yields.
 From Haspurg have I brought a learned clarke,
 *This doctor, surnamde JacquesVandermast,
 *The chiefest of them all in aphorismes,
 In magicke, and the mathematicke rules :
 Now let us, Henrie, try him in your schooles.

Henrie. He shal, my lord ; this motion likes me
 wel.

Weele progresse straight to Oxford with our trains,
 And see what men our academie bringes.—
 And, woonder Vandermast, welcome to me :
 In Oxford shalt thou find a jollie frier,
 Cald Frier Bacon, Englands only flower :
 Set him but non-plus in his magicke spels,
 And make him yeeld in mathematicke rules,
 And for thy glorie I will bind thy browes.
 Not with a poets garland made of baies,
 But with a coronet of choicest gold.
 Whilst then we set to Oxford with our troupes,
 Lets in and banquet in our English court. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II.—A Street in Oxford.]

Enter RAPHE in Edward's Apparel.

Raphe. Where be these vacabond knaves, that
 they attend no beter on their master?

Enter EDWARD, WARREN and ERMSBIE.

Edward. If it please your honour, we are all ready at an inch.¹

Raphe. Sirrha Ned, Ile have no more post horse to ride on : Ile have another fetch.

Ermsbie. I pray you, how is that, my lord?

Raphe. Marrie, sir, Ile send to the Ile of Eely for foure or five dozen of geese, and Ile have them tide six and six together with whipcord : now upon their backes will I have a faire field bed with a canapie ; and so, when it is my pleasure, Ile flee unto what place I please. This will be easie.

Warren. Your honour hath said well : but shall we to Brasennose Colledge before we pull off our bootes?

Ermsbie. Warren, well motion'd; wee will to the frier

Before we revell it within the towne.—

Raphe, see that you keepe your countenance like a prince.

Raphe. Wherefore have I such a companie of cutting knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? have you not good swords and bucklers?

Enter BACON and MILES.

Ermsbie. Stay, who comes heere?

Warren. Some scholler; and weelee aske him where Frier Bacon is.

Bacon. Why, thou arrant dunce, shal I never make thee good scholler? doth not all the towne crie out and say, Frier Bacons subsiser is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? why, thou canst not speake one word of true Latine.

Miles. No, sir? Yes. What is this els? *Ego*

¹For the emergency.

sum tuus homo, “I am your man”; I warrant you, sir, as good Tullies phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come on, sirha, what part of speech is *Ego*?

Miles. *Ego*, that is ‘I’; marrie, *nomen substantivo*.

Bacon. How proove you that?

Miles. Why, sir, let him proove himself and a will; ‘I’ can be hard, felt and understood.

Bacon. O grosse dunce!

[*He beats Miles.*]

Edward. Come, let us break off this dispute between these two. Sirha, where is Brazennose Colledge?

Miles. Not far from Copper-smithes Hall.

Edward. What, dost thou mocke me?

Miles. Not I, sir: but what would you at Brazennose?

Ermsbie. Marrie, we would speak with Frier Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you?

Ermsbie. Marrie, scholler, heres our maister.

Raphe. Sirha, I am the maister of these good fellowes; mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparrell?¹

Miles. Then heeres good game for the hawke; for heeres the maister foole and a covie of cocks combs; one wise man, I thinke, would spring you all.

Edward. Gogs wounds! Warren, kill him.

Warren. Why, Ned, I think the devill be in my sheath, I cannot get out my dagger.

Ermsbie. Nor I mine: swones, Ned, I think I am bewitcht.

Miles. A companie of scabbes! The proudest of you all drawe your weapon if he can.—

¹Apparel.

See how boldly I speake, now my maister is by.
[Aside.]

Edward. I strive in vaine; but if my sword be
shut

And conjur'd fast by magicke in my sheath,
Villian, heere is my fist.

[*He strikes Miles a box on the ear.*]

Miles. O, I beseech you conjure his hands, too,
that he may not lift his armes to his head, for he is
light fingered!

Raphe. Ned, strike him: Ile warrant thee by
mine honour.

Bacon. What meanes the English prince to
wrong my man?

Edward. To whom speakest thou?

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your swords
grew fast,

That Frier Bacon was not farre from hence?

Edward, King Henries sonne and Prince of Wales,
Thy foole disguised cannot conceale thy self;

I know both Ermsbie and the Sussex earle,

Els Frier Bacon had but little skill.

Thou comest in post from merrie Fresingfield,

Fast fancied to the keepers bonny lasse,

To crave some succor of the jolly frier:

And Lacie, Ear[l]e of Lincolne, hast thou left

To treat fair Margret to allow thy loves;

But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;

The earle both woes and courtes her for himselfe.

Warren. Ned, this is strange; the frier know-
eth al.

Ermsbie. Apollo could not utter more than this.

Edward. I stand amasad to heare this jolly frier
Tell even the verie secrets of my thoughts.—

But, learned Bacon, since thou knowest the cause
Why I did post so fast from Fresingfield,

Help, Frier, at a pinch, that I may have
 The love of lovely Margret to my selfe,
 Aud, as I am true Prince of Wales, Ile give
 Living and lands to strength thy colledge state.

Warren. Good Frier, helpe the prince in this.

Raphe. Why, servant Ned, will not the frier doe it? Were not my sword glued to my scabberd by conjuration, I would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

Ermsbie. What, doctor, in a dump! tush, helpe the prince.

And thou shalt see how liberall he will proove.

Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?

I will, my lord, straine out my magick spels;
 For this day comes the earle to Fresingfield,
 And fore that night shuts in the day with darke,
 Theile be betrothed ech to other fast.
 But come with me; weeble to my studie straight,
 And in a glasse prospective I will shew
 Whats done this day in merry Fresingfield.

Edward. Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite thy paine.

Bacon. But send your traine, my lord, into the towne:

My scholler shall go bring them to their inne:
 Meane while weeble see the knaverie of the earle.

Edward. Warren, leave me:—and, Ermsbie,
 take the foole;
 Let him be maister, and go revell it,
 Till I and Frier Bacon talke a while.

Warren. We will, my lord.

Raphe. Faith, Ned, and Ile lord it out till thou
comest:

Ile be Prince of Wales over all the blacke pots in
Oxford. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. Bacon's cell.

Enter BACON and EDWARD.

Bacon. Now, frolick Edward, welcome to my cell;
Heere tempers Frier Bacon many toies.
And holds this place his consistorie court,
Wherein the divels pleads homage to his words.
Within this glasse prospective thou shalt see
This day whats done in merry Fresingfield
Twixt lovely Peggie and the Lincolne earle.

Edward. Frier, thou gladst me: now shall
Edward trie

How Lacie meaneth to his soveraigne lorde.

Bacon. Stand there and looke directly in the
glassee.

Enter MARGRET and BUNGAY.

What sees my lord?

Edward. I see the keepers lovely lasse appeare,
As bright-sunne as the parramour of Mars,
Onely attended by a jolly frier.

Bacon. Sit still, and keep the cristall in your
eye.

Margret. But tell me, Frier Bungay, is it true
That this faire courtious, countrie swaine,
Who saies his father is a farmer nie,
Can be Lord Lacie, Earle of Lincolnshire?

Bungay. Peggie, tis true, tis Lacie for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both doth faile,
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves;
For he in greene, that holpe you runne your cheese,
Is sonne to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.

Margret. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust:

But did Lord Lacie like poor Marg[a]ret,
Or would he daine to wed a countrie lasse,
Frier, I would his humble handmayd be,
And for great wealth quite him with courtesie.

Bungay. Why, Margret, dost thou love him?

Margret. His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,

Might well avouch to shadow Hellen's scape:
His wit is quicke and readie in conceit,
As Greece affoorded in her chiefest prime:
Courteous, ah Frier, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he is Englands parramour.

Bungay. Hath not ech eye that viewd thy pleasing face

Surnamed thee Faire Maid of Fresingfield?

Margret. Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely earle

Had that in *esse* that so many sought.

Bungay. Feare not, the frier will not be behind To shew his cunning to entangle love.

Edward. I think the frier courts the bonny wench:

Bacon, me thinkes he is a lustie churle.

Bacon. Now looke, my lord.

Enter LACIE.

Edward. Gogs wounds, Bacon, heere comes Lacie!

Bacon. Sit still, my lord, and marke the commedie.

Bungay. Heeres Lacie, Margret; step aside awhile.

Lacie. [solus]. Daphne, the damsel that caught Phæbus fast,

And lockt him in the brightnesse of her lookes,
 Was not so beautious in Appollos eyes
 As is faire Margret to the Lincolne earle ;—
 Recant thee, Lacie—thou art put in trust :
 Edward, thy soveraignes sonne, hath chosen thee,
 A secret friend, to court her for himselfe,
 And darest thou wrong thy prince with treacherie ?
 Lacie, love makes no exception of a friend,
 Nor deemes it of a prince but as a man.
 Honour bids thee controll him in his lust ;
 His wooing is not for to wed the girle,
 But to intrap her and beguile the lasse.
 Lacie, thou lovest, then brooke not such abuse,
 But wed her, and abide thy princes frowne ;
 For better die than see her live disgracde.

Margret. Come, Frier, I will shake him frome
 his dumpes.

How cheere you, sir? a penie for your thought!
 Your early up, pray God it be the neere :
 What, come from Beckles in a morne so soone?

Lacie. Thus watchfull are such men as live in
 love,
 Whose eyes brooke broken slumbers for their sleepe.
 I tell thee, Peggie, since last Harlston faire,
 My minde hath felt a heape of passions.

Margret. A trustie man, that court it for your
 friend :

Woo you still for the courtier all in greene?
 I marvell that he sues for himselfe (*Aside.*)

Lacie. Peggie, I pleaded first to get your grace
 for him ;
 But when mine eyes survaid your beautious lookes,
 Love, like a wagge, straight dived into my heart,
 And there did shrine the Idea of your selfe.
 Pittie me, though I be a farmers sonne,
 And measure not my riches, but my love.

Margret. You are verie hastie; for to garden
well,
Seed must have time to sprout before they spring:
Love ought to creepe as doth the dial's shade,
For timely ripe is rotten too too soone.

Bungay. *Deus hic;* roome for a merrie frier!
What, youth of Beckles, with the keepers lasse?
Tis well; but tell me, heere you any newes?

Margret. No, Frier: what newes?

Bungay. Heere you not how the pursevants do
post
With proclamations through ech countrie towne?

Lacie. For what, gentle frier? tell the newes.

Bungay. Dwelst thou in Beckles, & heerst not
of these newes?
Lacie, the Earle of Lincolne, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguised like a swaine,
And lurkes about the countrie heere unknowne,
Henrie suspects him of some trecherie,
And therefore doth proclaime in every way,
That who can take the Lincolne earle shall have,
Paid in the Exchequer, twentie thousand crownes.

Lacie. The Earle of Lincolne! Frier, thou art
mad:

It was some other; thou mistakest the man.
The Earle of Lincoln! why, it cannot be.

Margret. Yes, verie well, my lord, for you are he:
The keepers daughter took you prisoner.
Lord Lacie, yeeld, Ile be your gailor once.

Edward. How familiar they be, Bacon!

Bacon. Sit still, and mark the sequell of their
loves.

Lacie. Then I am double prisoner to thy selfe:
Peggie, I yeeld. But are these newes in jest?

Margret. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For why these wrongs do wring me at the heart.

Ah, how these earles and noble men of birth
 Flatter and faine to forge poore womens ill!

Lacie. Believe me, lasse, I am the Lincolne
 earle:

I not denie but, tyred thus in rags,
 I lived disguisid to winne faire Peggies love.

Margret. What love is there where wedding
 ends not love?

Lacie. I meant, faire girle, to make thee Lacies
 wife.

Margret. I little thinke that earles will stoop so
 low.

Lacie. Say shall I make thee countesse ere I
 sleep?

Margret. Handmaid unto the earle, so please
 him selfe:

A wife in name, but servant in obedience.

Lacie. The Lincolne countesse, for it shalbe so:
 Ile plight the bands, and seale it with a kisse.

Edward. Gogs wounds, Bacon, they kisse! Ile
 stab them.

Bacon. Oh, hold your handes, my lord, it is the
 glasse!

Edward. Coller to see the traitors gree so well
 Made me thinke the shadowes substances.

Bacon. Twere a long poinard, my lord, to reach
 between Oxford and Fresingfield; but sit still and
 see more.

Bungay. Well, Lord of Lincolne, if your loves
 be knit,
 And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
 To avoid insuing jarres, Ile hamper up the match:
 Ile take my portace forth and wed you heere.

Lacie. Frier, content.—Peggie, how like you
 this?

Margret. What likes my lord is pleasing unto
 me.

Bungay. Then hand-fast hand, and I wil to my booke.

Bacon. What sees my lord now?

Edward. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand, The frier readie with his portace there To wed them both: then am I quite undone. Bacon, helpe now, if e'er thy magick servde!— Helpe, Bacon; stop the marriage now. If divels or nigromancie may suffice, And I will give thee fortie thousand crownes.

Bacon. Feare not, my lord, Ile stop the jolly frier For mumbling up his orisons this day.

Lacie. Why speakst not, Bungay? Frier, to thy booke.

Bungay is mute, crying ‘*Hud, hud.*’

Margret. How lookest thou, Frier, as a man distraught?

Reft of thy sences, Bungay? shew by signes, If thou be dum, what passions holdeth thee.

Lacie. Hees dumbe indeed: Bacon hath with his divels Enchanted him, or else some strange disease Or apoplexie hath possest his lungs: But, Peggie, what he cannot with his booke, Weel twixt us both unite it up in heart.

Margret. Els let me die, my lord, a miscreant.

Edward. Why stands Frier Bungay so amazd?

Bacon. I have strook him dum, my lord; &, if your honor please, Ile fetch this Bungay straightway from Fresingfield, And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.

Edward. Bacon, doe that, and thou coutentest me.

Lacie. Of courtesie, Margret, let us lead the frier

Unto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him
With brothes, to bring him from this haplesse trance.

Margret. Or else, my lord, we were passing
unkinde

To leave the frier so in his distresse.

Enter DEVILL, who carries off Bungay on his backe.

Margret. O, helpe, my lord! a devill, a devill,
my lord!

Looke how he carries Bungay on his backe!

Let's hence, for Bacons spirits be abroad..

Exeunt MARGRET and LACIE.

Edward. I will in post hie me to Fresingfield,
And quite these wrongs on Lacie ere it be long.

Exeunt.

[ACT THREE.]

(Scene I.—The Regenthouse at Oxford.]

*Enter BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT.**Mason.* Then must we all make sute unto the
frier,

To Frier Bacon, that he vouch this taske,
And undertake to countervale in skill.
The German; els theres none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learned Vandermast.

Burden. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will teach him what an English frier can doe;
The divell, I thinke, dare not dispute with him.

Clement. Indeed, mas doctor, he [dis]pleasured
you,

In that he brought your hostesse with her spit,
From Henly, posting unto Brazenose.

Burden. A vengeance on the frier for his paines!
But leaving that, lets hie to Bacon straight,
To see if he will take this task in hand.

Clement. Stay, what rumor is this? The towne
is up in a mutinie; what hurly burlie is this?

*Enter CONSTABLE, RAPHE, WARREN, ERMSBIE and
MILES.*

Constable. Nay, maisters, if you were nere so
good, you shall before the doctors to aunswer your
misdemeanor.

Burden. Whats the matter, fellow?

Constable. Marrie, sir, heres a companie of ruf-
fians, that, drinking in the taverne, have made a
great braule, and almost kilde the vintner.

Miles. Salve, Doctor Burden! This lubberly
lurden,
Ill-shapte and ill faced, disdained and disgraced,
What he tels unto *vobis mentitur de nobis*.

Burden. Who is the maister and cheefe of this crew?

**Raphe.* I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the belwether of this company: these are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.

Clement. Are you Edward, the kings sonne?

Raphe. Sirra Miles, bring hither the tapster that drue the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how soundly I have broke his head, theile say twas done by no lesse man than a prince.

Mason. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.

Warren. And why so, sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a brave & a wise gentleman.

Warren. Why, and thinkest thou, doctor, that he is not so?

Darst thou detract and derogat from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth?

Ermsbie. Whose face, shining with many a sugred smile,
Bewraies that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet, maister doctor, to speake like a proctor,

* To cease of this quarrell, looke but on his apparell.

**Raphe.* Doctors whose doting nightcaps are not capable of my ingenious dignitie, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease will make a shippe that shall hold all your colleges and so carrie away the niniversity with a fayre wind to the Banke-side in Southwarke.—How sayest thou, Ned War-raine, shall I not do it?

**Miles.* And I, with *scientia* and great *diligentia*, Will conjure and charme, to keep you from harme.

**Clement.* Why, harebraind courtiers, are you drunke or mad,

To taunt us with such scurilitie?
 Deeme you us men of base and light esteeme,
 To bring us such a fop for Henries son?—
 Call out the beadl[e]s and convey them hence
 Straight to Bocardo: let the roisters lie
 Close clapt in bolts, untill their wits be tame.

Ermsbie. Why, shall we to prison, my lord?

Raphe. What saist, Miles, shall I honour the
 prison with my presence?

Miles. No, no: out with your blades, and ham-
 per these jades.

**Mason.* To the prison with them, constable.

Warren. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me
 With laughing at these mad and merrie wagges,
 Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,
 And this, attired like the Prince of Wales,
 Is Raphe, King Henries only loved foole;
 I, Earle of Sussex, and this Ermsbie,
 One of the privie chamber to the King;
 Who, while the prince with Frier Bacon staies,
 Have revel'd it in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what
 you were:

But courtiers may make greater skapes than these.
 Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?

Warren. I will, maister doctor; only I must
 desire you to imagine him all the forenoon the Prince
 of Wales.

Mason. I will, sir.

Raphe. And upon that I will lead the way;
 onely I will have Miles go before me, because I have
 heard Henry say that wisedome must go before
 majestie.

(*Exeunt.*)

2

Verses II.—The Country-side. Fressingfield.

Enter Edward, Lacie and Margaret.

Lacie. Lacie, thou must not surmulate
the wrongs innocula.

*But art I not in chidell by the brier.

And see where wert the mayd of Fressingfield.

Wast thy fattering faulches with a knell?

*True love, what answerest thou to this armet?

Lacie. Truth all my birth; and thus I make
replice:

At Harlestone faire, there courting for your grace,

When as mine eye espyed her curvous shape,

And drew the sensations play of her looks

To dite unto the center of my heart.

I late taught me that your honour did but jest.

That princes were in fandel but as men;

How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield

Was fitter to be Ladies wedded wife

Than conyning unto the Prince of Wales.

Edward. Injurious Lacie, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephestion?

Did I unloide the passion[s] of my love,

And looke them in the closet of thy thoughts?

Wert thou to Edward second to himselfe.

Sole freind, and partner of his secreat loves?

And could a glaunce of fading bewtie breake

Th' inchained fettors of such privat freinds?

Base coward, false, and too effeminate

To be corivall with a prince in thoughts!

From Oxford have I posted since I dinde,

To quite a traitor fore that Edward sleepe.

Margret. Twas I, my lord, not Lacie stept awry:

For oft he sued and courted for your selfe,

And still woode for the courtier all in greene;

But I, whome fancy made but over fond,

=

aded myself with sorow, I
ed myne eye with garme of myn ey
id still bewitcht hir I leue her not
y hart with sighes. myn eyen were full of weare
y face held pittie and sorow of my selfe
nd more I could not speke of my selfe
ut that I loved Lori. hir was a faire
hen, worthy Edward. hir was a faire
womens favours will I neuer leue
bewty, and if darts of poyson
re not of force to burn me up.

Edward. I tell thee, Prince Edward, I
loves:

dward or none shall conquer Edward
England and Englands raigne shall be
rittaine shall bend unto Edward
nd doe due homage to Edward.
I thou wilt be but Edward.

Margret. Pardon. I have receaved
ent me such presents as to lye
f Phœbus ti[r]ed in Latyn
ome courting from the King of France
he dulcet tunes of troilus and crese
lot all the wealth heare
ould make me leave Latyn.

Edward. I have learned of Lacie
point of schooles.—

Iblata causa, tollitur affectus
acie—the cause that Margret
Nor fix her liking on the King of France
take him away, and then thyselfe and I
Villaine, prepare thy selfe for the battayle
My poinard in the bosom of my selfe.

Lacie. Rather than
love!—

Prince Edward, stop not at the intellidance,

SCENE II.—The Country-side, Fresingfield.

Enter EDWARD, LACIE and MARGRET.

Edward. Lacie, thou canst not shroud thy
traitorous thoughts,

*Did not I sit in Oxford by the frier,
And see thee court the mayd of Fresingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kisse?
*Traitor, what answerst? is not all this true?

Lacie. Truth all, my lord; and thus I make
replie:

At Harlestone faire, there courting for your grace,
When as mine eye survaid her curious shape,
And drewe the beautious glory of her looks
To dive into the center of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancie but as men;
How that the lovely maid of Fresingfield
Was fitter to be Lacies wedded wife
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

Edward. Injurious Lacie, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephestion?
Did I unfould the passion[s] of my love,
And locke them in the closset of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himselfe,
Sole freind, and partner of his secreat loves?
And could a glaunce of fading bewtie breake
Th' inchained fetters of such privat freinds?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corivall with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I dinde,
To quite a traitor fore that Edward sleepe.

Margret. Twas I, my lord, not Lacie stept awry:
For oft he sued and courted for your selfe,
And still woode for the courtier all in greene;
But I, whome fancy made but over fond,

Pleaded myselfe with looks as if I lovd ;
 I fed myne eye with gazing on his face,
 And still bewitcht lovd Lacie with my looks ;
 My hart with sighes, myne eyes pleaded with tears,
 My face held pittie and content at once,
 And more I could not sipher out by signes,
 But that I loved Lord Lacie with my heart.
 Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy minde
 If womens favours will not force men fall,
 If bewty, and if darts of persing love,
 Are not of force to bury thoughts of friendes.

Edward. I tell thee, Peggie, I will have thy loves :

Edward or none shall conquer Marg[a]ret,
 *England and Englands wealth shall wait on thee ;
 Brittaine shall bend unto her princes love,
 And doe due homage to thine excellencie,
 If thou wilt be but Edwards Marg[a]ret.

Margret. Pardon, my lord ; if Joves great roialtie
 Sent me such presents as to Danaë ;
 If Phœbus ti[r]ed in Latonas webs,
 Come courting from the beautie of his lodge ;
 The dulcet tunes of frolick Mercurie—
 Not all the wealth heavens treasurie affoords,—
 Should make me leave Lord Lacie or his love.

Edward. I have learnd at Oxford, then, this point of schooles,—

Ablata causa, tollitur effectus:
 Lacie—the cause that Margret cannot love
 Nor fix her liking on the English prince,—
 Take him away, and then the effects will faile.
 Villaine, prepare thy selfe ; for I will bathe
 My poinard in the bosome of an earle.

Lacie. Rather than live and miss fair Margret's love !—

Prince Edward, stop not at the fatall doome,

But stabb it home : end both my loves and life.

Margret. Brave Prince of Wales, honoured for
royall deeds,

Twere sinne to staine fair Venus courts with blood ;
Loves conquests ends, my lord, in courtesie :
Spare Lacie, gentle Edward ; let me die,
For so both you and he doe cease your loves.

Edward. Lacie shall die as traitor to his lord.

Lacie. I have deserved it, Edward ; act it well.

Margret What hopes the prince to gaine by La-
cies death?

Edward. To end the loves twixt him and Mar-
geret.

Margret. Why, thinks King Henries sonne that
Margret's love

Hangs in the uncertaine ballance of proud time ?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts ?
No, stab the earle, and fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the loftie east,
Margret will meet her Lacie in the heavens.

Lacie If ought betides to lovely Marg[a]ret
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europes rich wealth nor Englands monarchie
Should not allure Lacie to overlive :

Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.

Margret. Rid me, and keepe a friend worth
many loves.

Lacie. Nay, Edward, keepe a love worth many
friends.

Margret. And if thy mind be such as fame hath
blazde,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatall resolution of thy rage :
Banish thou fancie, and imbrace revenge,
And in one toombe knit both our carkases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.

Edward. (aside) Edward, art thou that famous
 Prince of Wales,
 Who at Damasco beat the Sarasens,
 And broughtst home triumphe on thy launces point ?
 And shall thy plumes be puld by Venus downe?
 Is it princely to dissever lovers leagues,
 To part such friends as glorie in their loves?
 Leave, Ned, and make a vertue of this fault,
 And further Peg and Lacie in their loves :
 So in subduing fancies passion,
 Conquering thy selfe thou getst the richest spoile.—
 Lacie, rise up. Faire Peggie, heeres my hand :
 The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,
 And all his loves he yeelds unto the earle.
 Lacie, enjoy the maid of Fresingfield ;
 Make her thy Lincolne countesse at the church,
 And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
 Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacie. Humbly I take her of my soveraigne,
 As if that Edward gave me Englands right,
 And richt me with the Albion diadem.

Margret. And doth the English prince mean
 true?

Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
 And yeeld the title of a countrie maid
 Unto Lord Lacie?

Edward. I will, faire Peggie, as I am true lord.

Margret. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as
 great,

In conquering love, as Cæsars victories,
 Margret, as milde and humble in her thoughts
 As was Aspatia unto Cirus selfe,
 Yeelds thanks, and, next Lord Lacie, doth inshrine
 Edward the second secret in her heart.

Edward. Gramercie, Peggie :—now that vowes
 are past,
 And that your loves are not to be revolt,

Once, Lacie, friendes again. Come, we will post
 To Oxford ; for this day the king is there,
 And brings for Edward Castile Ellinor.
 Peggie, I must go see and view my wife :
 I pray God I like her as I loved thee.
 Beside, Lord Lincolne, we shall heare dispute
 Twixt Frier Bacon and learned Vandermast.
 Peggie, weeble leave you for a weeke or two.

Margret. As it please Lord Lacie : but loves
 foolish looks

Thinke footsteps miles and minutes to be houres.

Lacie. Ile hasten, Peggie, to make short re-
 turne.—

But please your honour goe into the lodge,
 We shall have butter, cheese, and venison ;
 And yesterday I brought for Marg[a]ret
 A lustie bottle of neat clarret wine :
 Thus can we feast and entertaine your grace.

Edward. Tis cheere, Lord Lacie, for an em-
 perour,

If he respect the person and the place.
 Come, let us in ; for I will all this night
 Ride post untill I come to Bacons cell.

Exuent.

[Scene III.—Bacon's Cell.]

*Enter HENRIE, EMPEROUR, CASTILE, ELLINOR, VANDER-
 MAST, BUNGAY.*

**Bungay.* I tell thee, Germane, Haspurge holds
 none such,
 None red so deepe as Oxenford containes :
 There are within our accademicke state
 Men that may lecture it in Germanie
 To all the doctors of your Belgicke schools.)

Henrie. Stand to him, Bungay, charme this Van-
 dermast,
 And I will use thee as a royll king.

Vandermast. Wherein darest thou dispute with me?

*Proove by some instance what thy art can doe.

Bungay. I will.

Emper. Now, English Harry, here begins the game;

We shall see sport betweene these learned men.

Vandermast. What wilt thou doe?

Bung. Shew thee the tree, leavd with refined gold,

Whereon the fearful dragon held his seate,

That watcht the garden cald Hesperides

Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules.

Vandermast. Well done!

Bungay conjures; a Tree appears with a Dragon shooting fire.

Henrie. What say you, royall lordings, to my frier?

Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

Vander. Ech scholler in the nicromantike spels
Can doe as much as Bungay hath performed:
But as Alcmenas basterd ras'd this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he lived,
And cause him pull the dragon from his seate,
And teare the branches peecemeale from the roote.—
Hercules! *Prodi, prodi,* Hercules!

Enter HERCULES.

Vandermast. Pull off the sprigs from off the
Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

HERCULES breaks the branches.

Vandermast. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by
magicke charme
The fiend, appearing like great Hercules,
From pulling downe the branches of the tree,

Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bungay. I cannot.

Vandermast. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge.—

Mightie commander of this English Ile,
Henrie, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learned enough to be a frier;
But to compare with Jaquis Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seeke their celles
To find a man to match him in his art

Enter BACON.

**Bacon.* All haile to this roiall companie;
That sit to heare and see this strange dispute!—
Bungay, how standst thou as a man amazd?
What, hath the Germane acted more than thou?

Vandermast. What art thou that questions thus?

Bacon. Men call me Bacon.

**Henrie.* Now, Monarcks, hath the Germain found his match.

**Vandermast.* Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

Bacon. Noe, unlesse he were more leardn than Vandermast:

For yet, tell me, what hast hast thou done ?

Vandermast. Raised Hercules to ruinate that tree

That Bungay mounted by his magicke spels.

Bacon. Set Hercules to worke.

Vandermast. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to your taske:

Pull off the golden branches from the roote.

Hercules. I dare not. Seest thou not great Bacon heere,

Whose frowne doth act more than thy magicke can?

Vandermast. By all the thrones, and domina-tions,

Vertues, powers, and mightie hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

Hercules. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,

*Bindes me from yeelding unto Vandermast.

Henrie. How now, Vandermast! Have you met
with your match?

**Emperour.* Why, Vandermast, art thou over-
come?—

Bacon. I come not, Monarckes, for to hold dis-
pute

With such a novice as is Vandermast;

*Thou, Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the Germane into Haspurge straight;

*Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!

Exit HERCULES with VANDERMAST and the Tree.

Emperour. Why, Bacon, whether doest thou
send him?

Bacon. To Haspurge: there your highness at re- ||—
turne

Shall finde the Germane in his studie safe.

Henrie. Bacon, thou hast honoured England
with thy skill,

And made faire Oxford famous by thine art.

Bacon. See where Prince Edward comes to wel-
come you,

Gratioust as the morning starre of heaven.

Enter EDWARD.

Emperour. Is this Prince Edward, Henries royal
sonne?

How martiall is the figure of his face!

Yet lovely and beset with amorets.

Henrie. Ned, where hast thou been?

Edward. At Framingham, my lord, to trie your
buckles.—

*But see, Venus appears,

Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape!
 Sweete Ellinor, beauties highswelling pride,
 Rich natures glorie and her wealth at once,
 Faire of all faires, welcome to Albion;
 Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne,
 If that thou dainst the welcome from my selfe.

Ellinor. Martiall Plantagenet, Henries high minded sonne,
 The marke that Ellinor did count her aime,
 I likte thee fore I saw thee: now I love;
 *And therefore so accept of Ellinor.

Castile. Feare not, my lord, this couple will agree,
 If love may creepe into their wanton eyes:—
 And therefore, Edward, I accept thee heere,
 Without suspence, as my adopted sonne.

Henrie. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,
 And glorie in these honors done to Ned,
 Yelde thankes for all these favors to my sonne,
 And rest a true Plantagenet to all. **Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—Outside the keepe lodge, Fresingfield.]

Enter LAMBERT, SERLSBY, and KEEPER.

Lambert. Come, frolicke keeper of our lieges game,
 Whose table spred hath ever venison
 And jacks of wines to welcome passengers,
 Know I am in love with jolly Marg[a]ret,
 That over-shines our damsels as the moone
 Darkneth the brightest sparkles of the night.
 In Laxfield heere my land and living lies;
 Ile make thy daughter joynter of it all,
 So thou consent to give her to my wife;
 And I can spend five hundredth markes a yeare.

Serlbie I am the landslord, Keeper, of thy holds,
 By coppie all thy living lies in me;

*I will infeoffe faire Marg[a]ret in all,
So she will take her to a lustie squire.

Now courteous gent[i]ls, if the keepers girl
Hath pleaseid the liking fancie of you both,
*I will, to avoid displeasure of you both.

Call Margret forth, and she shall make her chiose.

Exit.

Lambert. Content,— Keeper; send her unto us.

Enter MARGRET.

**Lambert.* Peggie the lovelie flower of all townes,
Suffolks faire Hellen, and rich Englands star,
Whose beautie, tempered with her huswifarie,
Maks England talke of merry Frisingfield!

Serlsby. I cannot tricke it up with poesies, —
*But this beleve me,—Laxfield here is mine,
Of auncient rent seven hundred pounds a yeaire.
And if thou canst but love a countrie squire, ||
I will infeoffe thee, Marg[a]ret, in all:
I cannot flatter; trie me, if thou please.

Margret. Brave neighbouring squires, the stay
of Suffolks clime,
A keepers daughter is too base in gree
To match with men accoumpted of such worth:
But might I not displease, I would reply.

Lambert. Say, Peggy; nought shall make us dis-
content.

Margret. Then, gentils, note that love hath little
stay,

Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancies motion:
Then pardon, gentils, if a maids reply
Be doubtful, while I have debated with my selfe
Who, or of whome, love shall constraine me like.

Serlsby. Let it it be me; and trust me, Mar-
g[a]ret,
The meads invironed with the silver streames,

Whose batling pastures fatneth all my flockes,
 *Shall serve thy da[i]ry, if thou wed with me.

**Lambert.* But, Peggie, if thou wed thy selfe to
 me,

Thou shalt have garments of imbrodred silke,
 Lawnes, and rich networks for thy head attyre :
 Costlie shalbe thy fa[i]re abiliments,
 If thou will be but Lambert's loving wife.

Margret Content you, gentles, you have prof-
 erd faire,

And more than fits a countrie maids degree :
 But give me leave to counsaile me a time,
 For fancie bloomes not at the first assault ;
 Give me . . . but ten days' respite, and I will
 repleye,

Which or to whom my selfe affectionats.

Serlsby. Lambert, I tell thee, thourt importu-
 nate ;

Such beautie fits not such a base esquire :
 It is for Serlsby to have Marg[a]ret.

> *Lambert.* Thinkst thou with wealth to over
 reach me ?

Serlsby, I scorne to brooke thy country braves :
 I dare thee, coward, to maintaine this wrong,
 At dint of rapier, single in the field.

> *Serlsby.* Ile aunswere, Lambert, what I have
 avoucht.—

Margret, farewel ; another time shall serve.

Exit SERLSBY.

Lambert. Ile follow.—Peggie, farewell to thy
 self ;

Listen how well Ile answer for thy love.

Exit LAMBERT.

**Margret.* If lovely Lacie were but with his
 Peggy,
 The cloudie darckenesse of his bitter frowne

Would check the pride of those aspiring squires.
 Before the terme of ten days be expired,
 When as they looke for aunswere of their loves,
 My lord will come to merry Frisingfield,
 And end their fancies and their follies both.—
 Till then, Peggie, be blith and of good cheere.

Enter Post with a letter and a bag of gold.

Post. Fair lovely damsell, which way leads this path?

How might I post me unto Frisingfield?
 Which footpath leadeth to the keepers lodge?

Margret. Your way is ready, and this path is right:

My selfe doe dwell hereby in Frisingfield;
 And if the keeper be the man you seeke,
 I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

Post. The Lincolne earle hath sent you letters here,

And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold.
 Sweete, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

Margret. The scrowls that Jove sent Danae,
 Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnished gold,
 Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
 Tell me, whilst that I doe unrip the seales,
 Lives Lacie well? how fares my lovely lord?

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

Margret. (*Reads*) The bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morne; *and too timely loves have ever the shortest length. *Therefore know, Margret, I have chosen a Spanish Ladie to be my wife. *In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking; and for thy dowrie I have sent thee an hundred pounds: *Farewell.

Not thine, nor his owne,
Edward Lacie."

*If Lacie had but lovd, heavens, hell, and all,
 Could not have wrongd the patience of my minde.

Post. It grieves me, damsell; but the earle is
 forst

To love the ladie by the kings command.

Margret. The wealth combinde within the
 English shelves,

*Should not have movde the love of Peggie from her
 lord.

Post. What answere shall I returne to my lord?

Margret. First, for thou cam'st from Lacie whom
 I lovd,—

Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought!—

(Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent;
 For Margrets resolution craves no dower:

The world shalbe to her as vanitie;
 Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, dispaire:

For I will straight to stately Fremingham,

And in the abby there be shorne a nun,
 And yeld my loves and libertie to God.

Fellow, I give thee this, not for the newes,
 For those be hateful unto Marg[a]ret,

But for thart Lacies man, once Margrets love.

Post. What I have heard, what passions I have
 seene,
 He make report of them unto the Earle.

Margret. Say that she joyes his fancies be at
 rest,
 And praiest that his misfortune may be hers.

Exeunt.

[ACT FOUR.]

Scene I.—Bacon's Cell.]

Enter BACON, drawing the curtains with a white stick; a book in his hand, and a lamp lighted by him; the Brazen Head is near by.

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Enter MILES, with several weapons.

Miles. Here, sir.

Bacon. How chaunce you tarry so long?

Miles. Thinke you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so armed my selfe that if all your devills come, I will not feare them an inch.

Bacon. Miles, thou knowst that I have dived into hell,

And sought the darkest pallasces of fiendes;

*I have framd out a monstrous head of brasse,

That, by the inchaunting forces of the devil,

Shall tell out strange and uncoth Aphorismes,

And girt faire England with a wall of brasse.

Bungay and I have watcht these threescore days,

And now our vital spirites crave some rest.

*Now Miles, in thee rests Frier Bacon weale;

The honour and renowne of all his life

Hangs in the watching of this Brazen-Head;

Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God,

That holds the soules of men within his fist,

This night thou watch; for ere the morning star

Sends out his glorious glister on the north,

The head will speake: then, Miles, upon thy life,

Wake me; for then by magick art Ile worke

To end my seven yeares taske with excellency.

If that a winke but shut thy watchful eye,

Then farewell Bacons glory and his fame!

Draw closse the courtaines, Miles: now, for thy life,

Be watchful, and—

Here he falls asleep.

Miles. So; I thought you would talke your selfe a sleepe anon; and 'tis no mervaile, for Bungay on the dayes, and he on the nights, have watcht just these ten and fifty dayes: now this is the night, and tis my taske, and no more. Now, Jesus blesse me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! *Well, I am furnished with weapons: now, sir, I will set me downe by a post, and make it as good as a watch-man to wake me, if I chaunce to slumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would call you out of your *memento*. . . . Passion a God, I have almost broke my pate! (*A great noise.*) Up, Miles, to your taske; take your browne bill in your hand; heeres some of your maister's hobgoblins abroad.

Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is! Why, Master Brazenhead, you have such a capitall nose, and answer you with sillables, 'Time is'? Is this all my maister's cunning, to spend seven years studie about 'Time is'? Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon: well, Ile watch you as narrowly as ever you were watcht, and Ile play with you as the nightingale with the slowworme; Ile set a pricke against my breast. Now rest, there, Miles. . . . Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killd my selfe. (*Another noise.*) Up, Miles; list how they rumble.

Head. Time was.

Miles. Well, Frier Bacon, you spent your seven yeares studie well, that can make your Head speake but two words at once, 'Time was.' Yea, marie, time was when my maister was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brasen-head. *Well, I will watch, and walke up and downe, and be a pere-patetian and a philosopher of Aristotles stampe.

(*Another noise.*) What, a freshe noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.

Head. Time is past.

Lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the Head with a hammer.

Miles. Maister, maister, up! hels broken loose; your Head speakes; and theres such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in armes. Out of your bed, and take a browne bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles, I come. Oh, passing warily watcht!

Bacon will make thee next himselfe in love.
When spake the Head?

Miles. When spake the head! did not you say that hee should tell strange principles of philosophie? Why, sir, it speaks but two wordes at a time.

Bacon. Why, villaine, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft! I, marie, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven wordes.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marrie, sir, the first time he said 'Time is,' as if Fabius Cumentator should have pronounced a sentence; [the second time] he said, 'Time was'; and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choller, he said, 'Time is past.'

Bacon. 'Tis past indeed. A[h], villaine, time is past:

My life, my fame, my glorie, all are past!—
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruind downe,
Thy seven yeares studie lieth in the dust;
Thy Brazen-head lies broken through a slave,
That watcht, and would not when the Head did will.—
What said the Head first?

Miles. Even, sir, 'Time is.'

Bacon. Villain, if thou had'st cald to Bacon
then,

If thou had'st watcht, and wakte the sleepie frier,
The Brazen-head had uttered aphorisms,

|| And England had been circled round with brasse :

*But now the braves of Bacon hath an end,
Europes conceit of Bacon hath an end,

His seven yeares practise sorteth to ill end.

And, villaine, sith my glorie hath an end,

I will appoint thee fatal to some end.

Villiane, avoid; get thee from Bacons sight!

Vagrant, go rome and range about the world,

And perish as a vagabond on earth!

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your serv-
ice?

Bacon. My service, villaine, with a fatall curse,
That direfull plagues and mischiefe fall on thee.

Miles. Tis no matter, I am against you with the
old proverb,—The more the fox is curst, the better
he fares. God be with you, sir : Ile take but a booke
in my hand, a wide sleeved gowne on my backe, and
a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want pro-
motion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy wearie
steps,

Until they doe transport thee quicke to hell :

For Bacon shall have never merrie day,

To loose the fame and honour of his Head. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II.—The Court.]

*Enter EMPEROUR, CASTILE, HENRIE, ELLINOR, EDWARD,
LACIE, RAPHE.*

Emperour. Now, lovely Prince, the prince of
Albions wealth,
How fares the Lady Ellinor and you?
*Wilt be a match twixt bonny Nell and thee?

Edward. Should Paris enter in the courts of
Greece,

And not lie fetter'd in faire Hellen's lookes?
*Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts Hellen and faire Daphne downe?
Now, Monarcks, aske the ladie if we gree.

Henrie. What, madam, hath my son found grace
or no?

Ellinor. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,
And hearing how his minde and shape agreed,
I come not, troopt with all this warlike traine,
Doubting of love, but so effectuat
As Edward hath in England what he wonne in Spaine,

Castile. A match, my lord; these wantons
needes must love:

Men must have wives, and women will be wed:
Lets hast the day to honour up the rites.

Raphe. Sirha Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

Henry. I, Raphe; how then?

Raphe. Marrie, Harrie, follow my counsaile:
send for Frier Bacon to marrie them, for heele so con-
jure him and her with his nigromancie, that they
shall love togither like pigge and lambe whilst they
live.

Castile. But hearst thou, Raphe, art thou con-
tent to have Ellinor to thy ladie?

Raphe. I, so she will promise me two things.

Castile. Whats that, Raphe?

Raphe. That shee will never scold with Ned, nor
fight with me.—Sirha Harry, I have put her downe
with a thing unpossible.

Henry. Whats that, Raphe?

Raphe. Why, Harrie, didst thou ever see that a
woman could both hold her tongue and her handes?
No: but when egge-pies growes on apple-trees, then
will thy gray mare prove a bag-piper.

Emperour. What saies the Lord of Castile and Earle of Lincolne, that they are in such earnest and secret talke?

Castile. I stand, my lord, amazed at his talke,
How he discourses of the constancie
Of one surnam'd for beauties excellence,
The Faire Maid of merrie Fresingfield.

Henrie. Tis true, my lord, tis wondrous for to
heare;
Her beautie passing Marces parramour,
Her virgins right as rich as Vestas was;
Lacie and Ned hath told me miracles.

Castile. What saies Lord Lacie? shall she be
his wife?

Lacie. Or els Lord Lacie is unfit to live.—
May it please your highnesse give me leave to post
To Fresingfield, Ile fetch the bonny girle,
And proove, in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouched often with my tongue.

Henrie. Lacie, go to the quirie of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turne:
Hie thee to Fresingfield, and bring home the lasse,
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the Ladie Ellinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Ellinor. We Castile ladies are not very coy;
Your highnesse may command a greater boone:
And glad were I to grace the Lincolne earl
With being partner of his marriage day.

Edward. Gramercie, Nell, for I do love the lord,
As he that's second to my selfe in love.

Raphe. You love her?—Madam Nell, never be-
leeve him you, though he sweares he loves you.

Ellinor. Why, Raphe?

Raphe. why, his love is like unto a tapsters

glassee that is broken with every tuch; for he loved
the faire maid of Fresingfield once out of all hoe.—
Nay, Ned, never wincke upon me: I care not, I.

Henrie. Raphe tels all; you shall have a good
secretarie of him.—

But Lacie, haste thee post to Fresingfield;
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemne marriage day will be at hand,

Lacie. I go, my Lord. [Exit.]

[Scene III.—Bacon's Cell.]

Enter Bacon and Bungay.

Bungay. What meanes the frier that frolickt it
of late,

To sit as melancholie in his cell
As if he had neither lost nor wonne today?

Bacon. Ah, Bungay, my Brazen-head is spo[i]l'd, /
My glorie gone, my seven years studie lost!
The fame of Bacon, bruted through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deepe disgrace.

Bungay. Bacon hath built foundation of his
fame.

So surely on the wings of true report,

* As this cannot infringe what he deserves.

Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective
skill

I find this day shall fall out ominous:
Some deadly act shall tide me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein little can I gesse,
My minde is heavy, what so ere shall hap.

Knocks heard.

Whose that knocks?

Bungay. Two schollers that desires to speake
with you.

Bacon. Bid them come in.—

Enter YOUNG LAMBERT and YOUNG SERLSBY.

Now, my youths, what would you have?

Young Lambert. Sir, we are Suffolkemen and
neighbouring friends;

Our fathers in their countries lustie squires;
Their lands adjoyne: in Crackfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are colledge-mates,
Sworne brothers, as our fathers live as friendes.

Bacon. To what end is all this?

Young Serlsby. Hearing your worship kept
within your cell

A glasse prospective, wherin men might see
What so their thoughts or hearts desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.

Bacon. My glasse is free for every honest man.
Sit downe, and you shall see ere long,
How or in what state your friendly fathers live.
Meane while, tell me your names.

Young Lambert. Mine Lambert.

Young Serlsby. And mine Serlsbie.

Bacon. Bungay I smell there will be a tragedie.

Enter LAMBERT and SERLSBIE with rapiers and daggers.

Lambert. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine houre
like a man;
Th' art worthie of the title of a squire,
That durst, for prooфе of they affection
And for thy mistresse favour, prize thy bloud.
Thou knowest what words did passe at Fresingfield,
Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brooke:
I, for I skorne to beare such piercing taunts,—
Prepare thee, Serlsbie; one of us will die.

Serlebie. Thou seest I single [meet] thee [in]
the field,
And what I spake, Ile maintaine with my sword:

Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.
 And if thou kill me, thinke I have a sonne,
 That lives in Oxford in the Brodgateshall,
 Who will revenge his fathers bloud with bloud.

Lambert. And, Serlsbie, I have there a boy,
 That dares at weapon buckle with thy sonne,
 And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine:
 But draw thy rapier, for weeble have a bout.

Bacon. Now, lustie yonkers, looke within the
 glasse,
 And tell me if you can discerne your sires.

Young Lambert. Serlsbie, tis hard; thy father
 offers wrong
 To combat with my father in the field.

Young Serlsby. Lambert, thou liest, my fathers
 is the abuse,
 And thou shalt find it, if my father harme.

Bungay. How goes it, sirs?

Young Lambert. Our fathers are in combat hard
 by Fresingfield.

Bacon. Sit still, my friendes, and see the event.

Lambert. Why standst thou, Serlsbie? doubtst
 thou of thy life?

A venie, man! fair Margret craves so much.

Serlsbie. Then this for her.

Young Lambert. Ah, well thrust!

Young Serlsbie. But marke the ward.

LAMBERT and SERLSBIE fight.

Lambert. Oh, I am slaine!

Serlsbie. And I,—Lord have mercie on me!

Young Lambert. My father slaine!—Serlby,
 ward that.

Young Serlsbie. And so is mine!—Lambert, Ile
 quite thee well. *They stab each other.*

Bungay. O strange strattagem!

Bacon. See Frier, where the fathers both lie dead!—

Bacon, thy magick doth effect this massacre :
 This glass prospective worketh manie woes ;
 And therefore seeing these brave lustie Brutes,
 These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
 End all thy magick and thine art at once.
 The poniard that did end the fatall lives,
 Shall breake the cause efficiat of their woes.
 So fade the glasse, and end with it the shoues
 That nigromancie did infuse the christall with.

He breaks the glass.

Bungay. What means learned Bacon thus to
 breake his glasse?

Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore
 That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
 The hours I have spent in piromanticke spels,
 The feareful tossing in the latest night
 *Are instances that Bacon must be damde
 For using divels to countervaile his God.—
 Yet Bacon, cheere thee, drowne not in despaire :
 Sinnes have their salves, repentance can do much—
 *Bungay, Ile spend the remnant of my life
 In pure devotion, praying to my God
 That he would save what Bacon vainly lost. *Exeunt.*

[ACT FIVE.]

Scene I.—The Keeper's Lodge.]

Enter MARGRET in nun's apparel, KEEPER, THOMAS and JONE.

Keeper. Margret, be not so headstrong in these
vows:

O, burie not such beautie in a cell;
*Thy fathers haire like to the silver bloomes
That beautifie the shrubs of Affrica,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgoe his lovely Marg[a]ret.

Margret. A[h], father, when the harmonie of
heaven

Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vaine illusions of this flattering world
Seemes odious to the thoughts of Marg[a]ret.
I loved once,—Lord Lacie was my love;
And now I hate my selfe for that I lov'd.

*The world containes naught but alluring baites,
Pride, flatterie, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the prickes of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly blisse,
To live in Framingham a holy nunne,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;
And for to wish all maides to learne of me
To seek heavens joy before earths vanitie.

Jone. And will you, then, Margret, be shorne a
nunne, and so leaves us all?

Margret. Now, farewell world, the engin of all
woe!

Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ!
Adiew to daintie robes! this base attire
Better befits an humble minde to God
Than all the show of rich abilliments.

Love . . . oh love!—and, with fond love, farewell
 Sweet Lacie, whom I loved once so deare!
 Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
 Least I offend to think on Lacies love:
 But even to that, as to the rest, farewell.

Enter LACIE, WARRAIN, ERMSBIE booted and spurred.

Lacie. Come on, my wags, weere near the keepers lodge.

Heere have I oft walkt in the watrie meades,
 And chatted with my lovely Marg[a]ret.

Warraine. Sirha Ned, is not this the keeper?

Lacie. Tis the same.

Ermsbie. A nunne, my lord.

Lacie. Keeper, how farest thou? hallo, man,
 what cheere?

How doth Peggie, thy daughter and my love?

Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, wo is me for
 Pegge!

See where she stands clad in her nunnes attire,
 Readie for to be shorn in Framingham:

She leaves the world because she left your love.

Oh, good my lord, perswade her if you can!

Lacie. Why, how now, Margret! what, a malecontent?

A nunne? what holy father taught you this,
 To taske your selfe to such a tedious life

To smother up such bewtie in a cell.

Margret. Lord Lacie, thinking of thy former
 misse,

How fond the prime of wanton yeares were spent

In love (Oh, fie upon that fond conceite,

Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!)

I leave both love and loves content at once,

Betaking me to him that is true love,

And leaving all the world for love of him.

Lacie. Whence, Peggie, comes this metamorphosis?

What, shorne a nun, and I have from the court
Posted coursers to convaie thee hence
To Windsore, where our mariage shalbe kept!
Thy wedding robes are in the tailors hands.
Come, Peggie, leave these peremptorie vowes.

Margret. Did not my lord resigne his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Marg[a]ret and him?

Lacie. Twas but to try sweete Peggies constancie. ||
But will fair Margret leave her love and lord?

Margret. Is not heavens joy before earths fading bliss,
And life above sweeter than life in love?

Lacie. Why, then, Margret will be shorne a nun?

Margret. Margret hath made a vow which may
not be revokt.

Warraine. We cannot stay, my lord; and if she
be so strict,
Our leisure graunts us not to woo a fresh.

Ermsbie. Choose you, fair damsell,—yet the
choise is yours,—
Either a solemne nunnerie or the court,
*To be a nun or els Lord Lacies wife?

Lacie. A good motion.—Peggie, your answer
must be short.

Margret. The flesh is frayle: my lord doth know
it well
That when he comes with his enchanting face, ||
What so ere betyde, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habite of a maidens heart,
And, seeing fortune will, faire Fremingham,
And all the shew of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacie, for me, if he wilbe my lord.

Lacie. Peggie, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king

Staies for to marry matchless Ellinour,
 Until I bring thee richly to the court,
 That one day may both marry her and thee.—
 How saist thou, Keeper? art thou glad of this?

Keeper. As if the English king had given
 The parke and deere of Frisingfield to me.

Erms. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art
 thou in a broune study?

War. To see the nature of women; that be they
 never so neare God, yet they love to die in a mans
 armes.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—An open place.

Enter Devil.

Devill. How restles are the ghosts of hellish
 spirites,
 When everie charmer with his magick spels
 || Cals us from nine-fold trenched Phlegethon,
 To scud and over-scoure the earth in post
 Upon the speedie wings of swiftest winds!
 Now Bacon hath raisd me from the darkest deepe,
 To search about the world for Miles his man,
 For Miles, and to torment his lasie bones
 For careles watching of his Brazen-head.
 See where he comes: Oh, he is mine.

Enter MILES, wearing a gown and a corner cap.

Miles. A scholler, quoth you! marry, sir, I
 would I had been made a botlemaker when I was
 made a scholler; for I can get neither to be a deacon,
 reader, nor schoolmaister, no, not the clarke of a
 parish. Some call me dunce; another saith, my head
 is as full of Latine as an egs full of oateymeale: thus
 I am tormented, that the devil and Frier Bacon
 haunts me.—Good Lord, heers one of my maisters

devils! Ile goe speake to him.—What, Maister Plutus, how chere you?

Devill. Doost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my maisters devils, that were wont to come to my maister, Doctor Bacon, at Brazennose?

Devill. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord, M[aister] Plutus, I have seene you a thousand times at my maisters, and yet I had never the manners to make you drinke. *But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hel?

Devil. I, marry: how then!

Miles. Faith, tis a place I have desired long to see: have you not good tipling houses there? may not a man have a lustie fier there, a pot of good ale, a paire of cardes, a swinging peece of chalke, and a browne toast that will clap a white wastcoat on a cup of good drinke?

Devil. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, freinde, and I am for you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Devill. Yes, a thousand: what wouldest thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit my selfe. I know hel is a hot place, and men are mervailous drie, and much drinke is spent there: I would be a tapster.

Devil. Thou shalt.

Miles. Theres nothing lets me from going with you, but that tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

Devil. Thou shalt ride on my backe.

Miles. Now surely her[e]s a courteous devil, that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of him self.—But I pray you, goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

Devil. Whats that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Devil. An amble.

Miles. Tis well; but take heed it be not a trot; but tis no matter, Ile prevent it. [Stoops.]

Devil. What dost?

Miles. Mary, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pace either a trot or els uneasie, Ile put you to a false gallop; Ile make you feel the benefit of my spurs.

Devil. Get up upon my backe.

Miles. O Lord, here's even a goodly marvel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back!

[*Exeunt: the Devil roaring.*]

Scene III.—The Court.

Enter EMPEROUR with a pointless sword; CASTILE carrying a sword with a point; LACY carrying the globe; EDWARD; WARRAINE carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it; ERMSBY with a crown and sceptre; ELLINOR, with MARGRET; HENRY; BACON, etc.

**Margret.* Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee

Must yeeld her horisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaide to this state;
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And grasse with kings, princes, and emperours,
To whom (next to the noble Lincolne earle)
I vow obedience, and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

Ellinor. Thou martiall man that wears the Almaine crown,
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albian princesse, English Edwards wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fresingfield,

Fair Margret, Countess to the Lincolne earle,
 Attends on Ellinour,—grāmercies, lord, for her,—
 Tis I give thankes for Margret, to you all,
 And rest for her due bounden to your selves.

Henrie. Seeing the marriage is solemnized.
 Lets march in triumph to the royall feast.—
 But why stands Frier Bacon here so mute?

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth, ||
 That magicks secret mysteries misled,
 And joyfull that this royall marriage
 Portends such blisse unto this matchless realme.

Henrie. Why, Bacon, what strange event shall
 happen to this land?

Or what shall grow from Edward and his queene?

Bacon. I find by deep praescience of mine art,
 Which once I tempred in my secret cell,
 That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
 From forth the royall garden of a king
 Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
 Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus'

flowre,

And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.

*And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves
 That gorgeous beautifies this matchlesse flower;]

Henrie. This prophecie is mysticall.—
 *Lets march: the tables all are spred,
 And viandes, such as Englands wealth affords.

Are ready set to furnish out the bords.

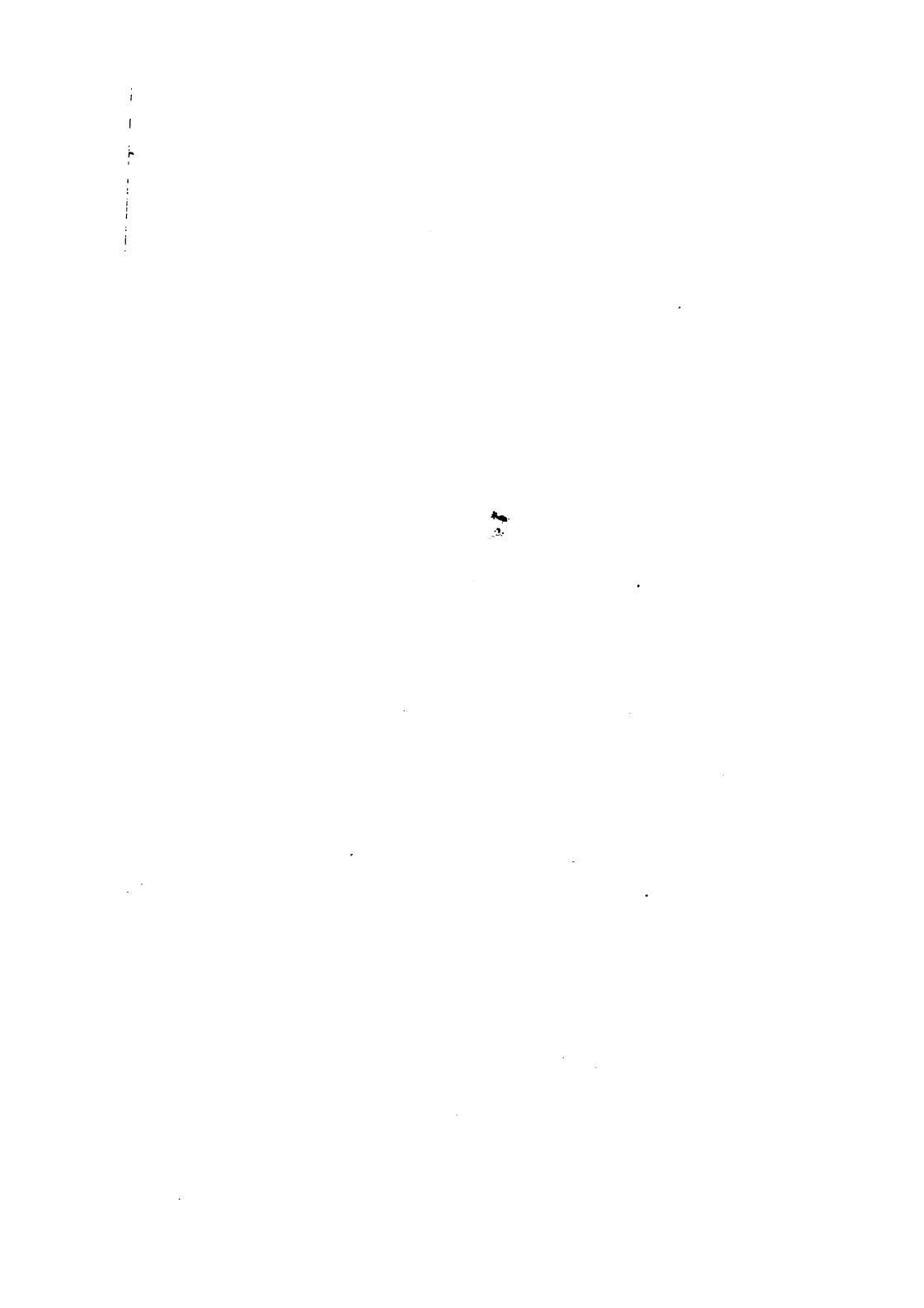
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:

It rests to furnish up this royall feast,

Only your hearts be frolicke: for the time

Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.

Thus glories England over all the west. [Exeunt.]

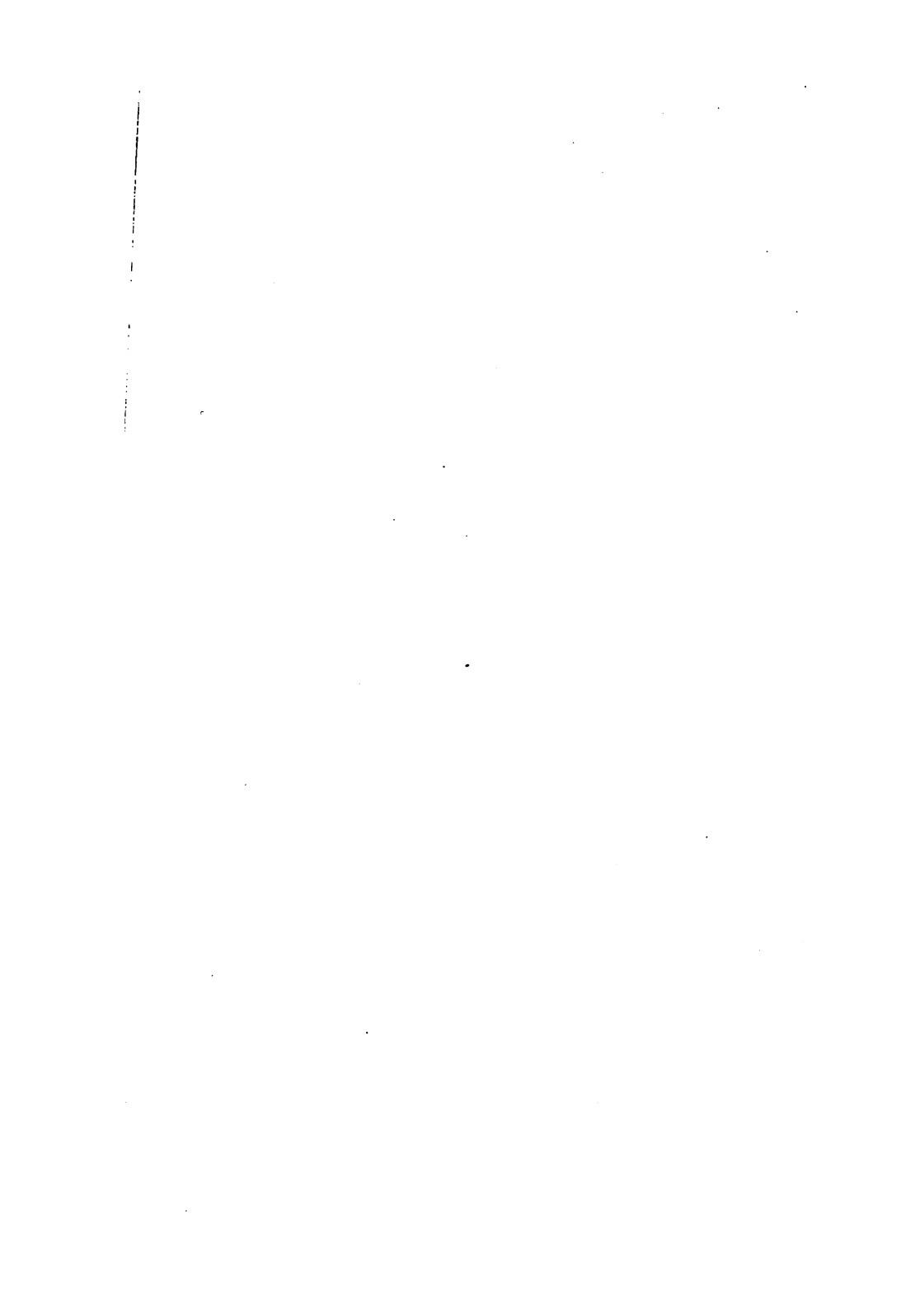


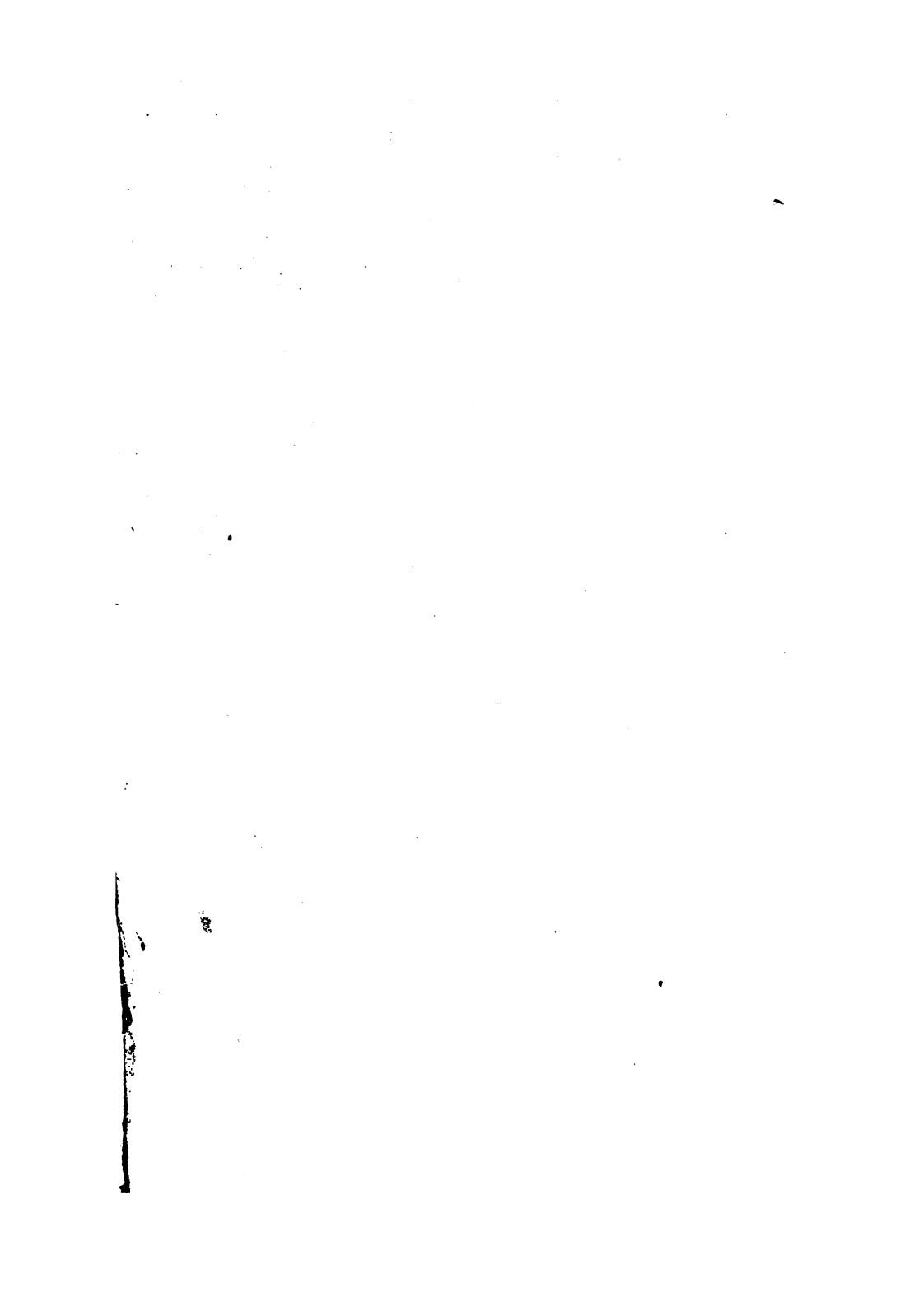
ERRATA.

- P. 1, l. 2, for *Honourable*, read *Honorable*.
P. 3, l. 6, after *like*, read *to*.
P. 5, l. 11, for *taints*, read *taint*.
P. 9, l. 23, for *fours*, read *four*.
P. 11, l. 19, for *trace*, read *trance*.
P. 14, l. 13, for *elfe*, read *selfe*.
P. 22, l. 5, for *II*, read *III*.
P. 24, l. 29, after *sues*, read *not*.
P. 25, l. 33, for *I am*, read *am I*.
P. 27, l. 8, after *now*, change period to comma.
P. 29, l. 7, omit period after *skill*.

- P. 29, l. 28, for *ruffians*, read *rufflers*.
P. 40, l. 22, for *keepe*, read *keeper's*.
P. 41, l. 3, before *Now*, read *Keeper* (as speaker).
P. 45, l. 23, for *Bacon*, read *Bacon's*.
P. 52, l. 26, for *they*, read *thy*.

Insert asterisks: P. 14, l. 26, before *Margret*; p. 26, l. 34, before *Lacie*; p. 28, l. 12, before *Edward*; p. 28, l. 14, before *Exeunt*; p. 29, l. 4, before *Mason*; p. 31, line 26, before *only*; p. 37, ll. 28, 32, before *Vander-mast*; p. 39, l. 25, before *Bacon*; p. 43, l. 17, before *Post*; p. 51, l. 9, before *Exeunt*; p. 56, l. 13, before *Ermsbie*.

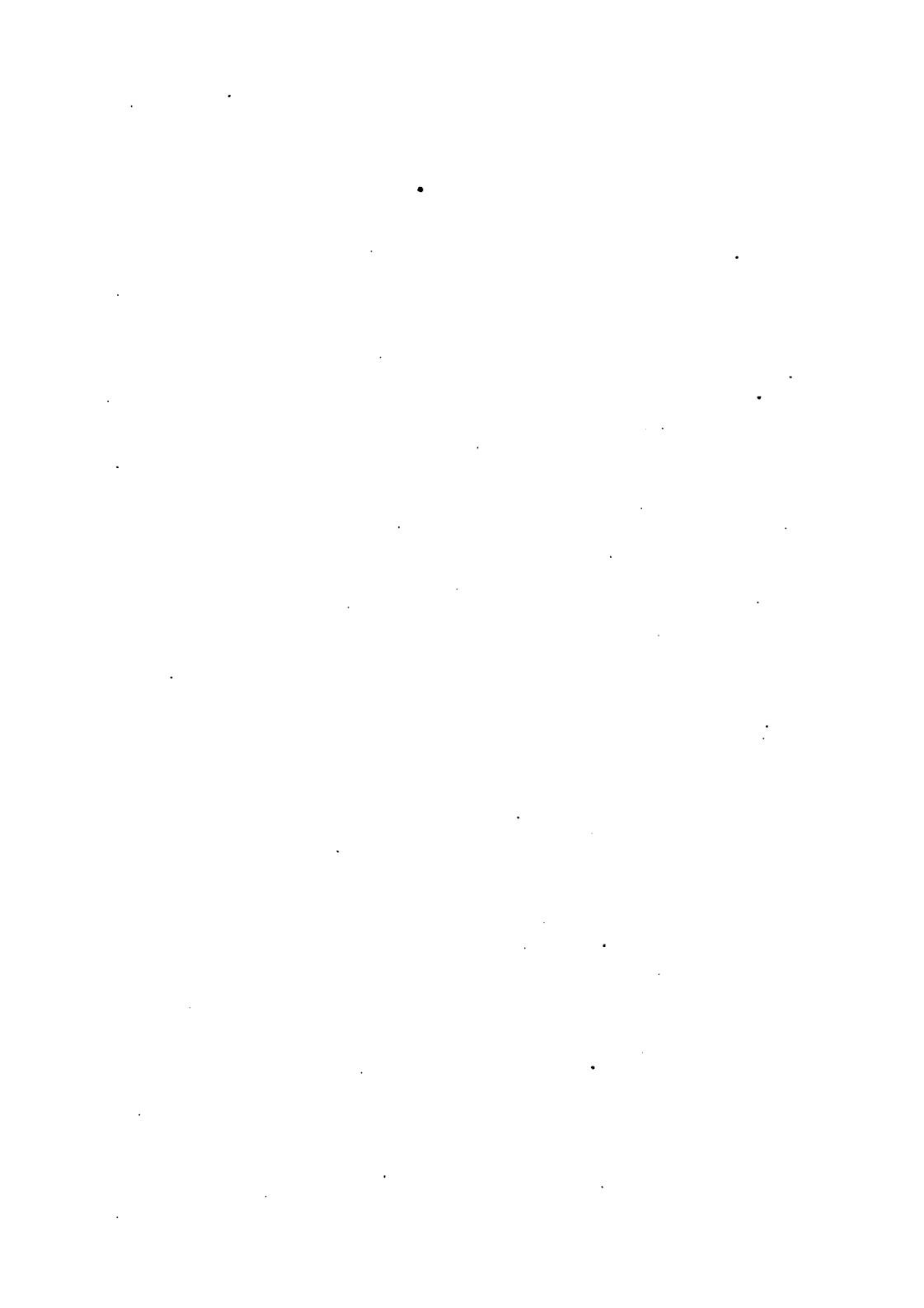












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